

The Listener

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'St Jerome in the Wilderness': a painting by an artist of the School of Verona in the fifteenth century, now on view at an exhibition of paintings from the collection of Mrs. Geoffrey Hart at the Brighton Art Gallery

In this number:

The Idea of the Just War (Gerald Draper)
The Christian View of Marriage (Rev. G. B. Bentley)
A Holiday on the Norfolk Broads (J. B. Boothroyd)

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G 29 1958
CHICAGO

**You
push**

button,

door opens. Hurry must. Slam
therefore. Starter. Whoosh.

Some getaway. Door shut. No rattle. Safe.

Remember old car once? Which? Nineteen-when.

Snappy. What engine! Brass knobs. All admire.

But locks, doors! . . . Rattle rattle. Squeak squeak click.

Rich aunt. Sharp corner. Door opens. Aunt on road. Undignified.

Doctor. Lawyer. Cut out of will. Unfortunate. Very.

Never again now. Wilmot Breeden make locks—rotary, cam-latching, Zero-Torque.

Make handles, push-buttons. For cars and. Safe safer safest. Last word.

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Likewise bumpers, window winders, boot-locks

and stays, steering wheels. *Virtually every British car roads today*

some Wilmot Breeden components. No wonder! Safe.

A.F.

The Listener

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CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:

The Proposed New Constitution for France (Dorothy Pickles)	219
Church and State in Poland (Nicholas Carroll)	220
The Idea of the Just War (Gerald Draper)	221

POEMS:

Bible Story (Charles Causley)	223
Patriarchs (Sheila Wingfield)	230
Loiterers (Vernon Watkins)	242

THE LISTENER:

Cambridge Days	224
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts)	224

DID YOU HEAR THAT? (microphone miscellany)	225
---	-----

RELIGION:

The Christian View of Marriage (Rev. G. B. Bentley)	227
A Crisis in Biblical Theology (Anthony E. Harvey)	241

MISCELLANEOUS:

Seven Days Before the Mast (J. B. Boothroyd)	229
The Inala (D. C. Horton)	236

AUTOBIOGRAPHY:

Life and History (Salvador de Madariaga)	231
Cambridge after the First World War (Denis Johnston)	232

GARDENING:

Lilies that Are Easy to Grow (F. H. Streeter)	233
--	-----

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK	234
---	-----

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Charles H. Gibbs-Smith, Rev. R. A. Letch, Donald McLachlan, Martin Braun, J. B. Cullingworth, Dr. Richard Hope, Henry Adler, Dr. Agnes Savill, Dr. C. V. Wedgwood, Lieselotte Brosen, Jessie Burton, Mary Jane Latsis, J. R. Stapleton, and Laurence Whistler	237
---	-----

ART:

Round the London Galleries (Alan Clutton-Brock)	240
--	-----

THE LISTENER'S BOOK CHRONICLE	243
--------------------------------------	-----

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (K. W. Gransden)	247
Television Drama (Ivor Brown)	248
Sound Drama (Ian Rodger)	248
The Spoken Word (Philip Henderson)	249
Music (Dyneley Hussey)	249

MUSIC:

The Madrigal in Italy (Denis Arnold)	250
---	-----

HOW TO USE ONE-COAT PAINTS (David Roe)	251
---	-----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	251
------------------------------	-----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,472	251
----------------------------	-----

The Proposed New Constitution for France

By DOROTHY PICKLES

IT is important to emphasise that the Constitution for the Fifth French Republic is still a draft only. For the next three weeks it is to be discussed by an advisory committee of members of parliament and constitutional experts, and we do not know how much influence their views will have in determining the final text on which the French citizen is to vote in the autumn*.

All the same, this draft is important, because it shows the lines along which General de Gaulle and his Government are thinking. As was to be expected, one of its main aims is to strengthen the authority of governments. For instance, the French President, who is traditionally a neutral figurehead, above parties, is to become the real power in the state. He will choose the Prime Minister, be able to dissolve parliament, to negotiate treaties, and, in a grave national emergency, to take over all the powers of both government and parliament. The late M. Herriot once accused the authors of the last Constitution of trying to reduce the status of the President to that of a clerk and a postman. Under the Fifth Republic his powers will be, in some respects, greater than those of the American President, and certainly far greater than those of former French Presidents.

In comparison, the Prime Minister seems destined either to become a pale shadow, or else, if he is a strong personality, to encounter opposition on two fronts—from the President as well as from parliament.

The Prime Minister and his government will be strengthened in some ways because parliament is to sit for five and a half months in the year at most, and to pass laws only on

certain specified matters such as the fundamental liberties of the citizen, taxation, the penal system, and so on. On all other matters it is the government, not parliament, which makes the law. The intention is that government in future shall not be harried and threatened at every turn with defeat unless they give way to the Assembly. So government bills will henceforth have priority; the government is to be in charge of the parliamentary time-table; and in theory it will be compelled to resign only if defeated by a vote of censure.

Such a Constitution could help to remedy the major weakness of the French parliamentary system—the instability of governments—on the condition that enough people approve of it to try to make it work democratically. But will they? There are already criticisms, from the right as well as the left. For if, under the Fourth Republic, governments were too much at the mercy of members of parliament, it looks as though, under the Fifth, parliament would have too little scope even for constructive opposition. An Assembly with very limited powers, but with the vital right of refusing to vote taxes, will be tempted to use its financial power as a weapon, and this could lead to conflict and eventually to deadlock between the government and parliament. What would happen then is a question to which the members of the advisory committee will no doubt pay anxious attention. For, unless the kind of emergency in which the President of the Republic could step in and take charge under emergency powers is carefully defined, these powers could be used, quite legally and constitutionally, to transform a President into a dictator.

* Broadcast on August 1. The constitutional committee which has been studying the draft is expected to report back to the French Government at the end of this week.

The new Constitution does not refer specifically to Algeria, though it offers the former colonies three choices: to stay as they are; to be treated as part of France; or to remain linked to France by federal ties. Nothing is said about the possibility of evolution towards independence; and nothing indicates that those territories already treated as part of France, such as Algeria, will have any say if they do not want to remain so. But the wording is vague and does not necessarily rule out either of these possibilities: and changes may be made in the coming weeks, particularly as African opinion is already very critical.

The chances of the Constitution's being accepted—assuming its general outlines remain unchanged—are difficult to estimate. A referendum on so complicated a matter as a Constitution is necessarily a chancy business. It is unsafe to judge by the already considerable volume of informed criticism, because people who are not passionately interested in politics may vote only on some particular aspect which concerns themselves. Last time, nearly one elector in three did not trouble to vote at all. The overseas electors are interested

in the fate of their own countries more than in the details of parliamentary government in France. Then, too, the influence of propaganda is incalculable. Many French citizens, from conservative to socialist, will see the choice, not as between this and a better Constitution, but as between this Constitution and a new threat of military dictatorship.

In all this, the merits or demerits of the Constitution may take a back seat. A grave national crisis is not the best of atmospheres for constitution-making. But it is a curious thing that many Frenchmen who saw the Constitution of the Fourth Republic as a weapon against the possible dictatorial ambitions of General de Gaulle, now see this Constitution (as it stands at present) as a weapon that only General de Gaulle could be trusted to use in order to prevent dictatorship.

That is both its strength and its weakness. For General de Gaulle is the obvious candidate for the job of first President of the Fifth Republic, but he is not immortal. It is the shadow of the second candidate that will be in many people's minds as they consider anxiously how they ought to vote.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

Church and State in Poland

By NICHOLAS CARROLL

A STUNNED Polish population learned last month, a week after the event, of a Communist police raid on the monastery of Jasna Gorya—one of the most famous Catholic shrines in the world—the Golden Hill, home of Poland's famous shrine at Czestochowa, halfway between Warsaw and Cracow. On July 21 the police swooped in considerable strength, searched offices for several hours, carried away some office equipment, pamphlets and other publications, and clashed with priests and local citizens who resisted them.

Mr. Gomulka, the Polish Communist leader, had struck at the Polish Catholic Church at its very heart; he had in effect at the same time struck at the Polish people, well over 90 per cent. of whom are Roman Catholics. Yet in December 1956, three months after the 'bloodless revolution' which brought Gomulka to power and freed the Poles from some of the worst tyrannies of Stalinism, he and Cardinal Wyszynski, the Polish Primate, now freed from prison, had made a formal agreement. Relations were delicate but on the whole peaceful; both Church and State benefited. The Church acquired, among other things, the right to give religious education in the schools. Mr. Gomulka benefited in the critical elections of March 1957, when the Church's support was the deciding factor in getting him his huge popular vote of confidence, which is what those elections really amounted to.

But, as we know, much of the gains of the bloodless revolution have been whittled away in the past year. Russian pressure for conformity from all the East European Communist states has grown; 'revisionism' has become the worst crime in the communist calendar, and since Mr. Khrushchev's ideological split with President Tito of Yugoslavia, Mr. Gomulka has tightened the party grip on the life of Poland.

So it was inevitable that the agreement between Church and State should begin to suffer some strain. At first the signs were small: a renewal of the atheistic campaign, the questioning of the possibility of a good Communist being at the same time a good Catholic; the inflation of small incidents, such as a priest's alleged refusal to bury a

Communist; and increased difficulties met by the Church from local education and party authorities in teaching religion in the schools.

Lately there has been a conflict over the distribution of a huge consignment of gift parcels sent to the Polish people by the American National Catholic Welfare Conference; the Church claimed the right to distribute these, and so did the party authorities. They lay for weeks in the port of Gdansk while the argument went on.

Then came the Czestochowa raid; the decision for this must have been taken at the summit. For a week the Polish press never mentioned it; it was first reported in the Western press. Since then only the communist version of the facts has been heard from Poland.

The important question is, why did Mr. Gomulka authorise this final insult to the Church—an act that for the whole Polish people was outrageous? It could be that he wanted to cast a shadow over the annual Feast of the Assumption: on that day, August 15, for the past two years a million Poles have poured into Czestochowa. A religious demonstration of that magnitude must indeed be anathema to Mr. Gomulka, and he may have wanted to warn against dangerous over-enthusiasm. His decision could also have been intended as a blow against the Church's preparations for the Polish Catholic millennium which falls in 1966; it is in Czestochowa that all the pamphlets are prepared and other work in connection with it is being done.

Earlier this week* some sort of a new truce seemed to have been reached at a meeting of the joint Church-State commission first set up under the December 1956 agreement. No details have come out yet, but there are reports that the question of gift parcels, for instance, has been settled.

The truce will continue to be uneasy, no doubt; neither side can give in. This is the basic clash of the two ideologies, the situation that makes Poland so different from all the other countries under Soviet domination. The Communists may have tried to make a show of force, but it seems to many that they have only demonstrated their powerlessness.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

The Idea of the Just War

By GERALD DRAPER

THE question 'When will a war be considered to be just?' has occupied the attention and troubled the conscience of men since classical times. Socrates, so Plato tells us, considered that the idea of war should be limited to conflicts with barbarians. Conflicts between Greeks were, in Socrates' view, not wars but 'disease and discord'. Starting from that idea, Socrates urged that warfare between Greeks, should it unfortunately occur, ought to be conducted with restraint.

But it was left to the Romans to establish the idea of 'the just and pious war' as an important institution of their public and religious law. Later, this Roman idea passed into the Christian speculation of the Middle Ages. The extensive writings of medieval theologians and canonists formed a rich storehouse of opinion about the just war. From this the founders of the modern international law of war, jurists like Vitoria, Suarez, and Grotius, drew the materials for their great treatises of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the idea of the just and the unjust war was in temporary eclipse, but it has returned in our twentieth century in the Charter of the United Nations, an essential part of the somewhat precarious international order to which we owe our daily existence. And so it may be worth our while to take a closer look at the development of this idea since Roman times and to consider briefly some of its more recent effects, both good and bad.

From the times of the Roman kings a special set of priests was entrusted with the religious procedures associated with the making of wars and the concluding of treaties. It was the particular duty of these priests to ascertain whether the duties owed to Rome by a foreign nation had been violated: that is, whether a wrong had been done to Rome. If so, the representative of the priests demanded satisfaction from the offending nation. This demand was supported by an oath which committed the Roman gods to the justness of the Roman cause and called down their execration upon the whole Roman people if the justness of their demand should prove



The crossbow and longbow in use during a medieval siege: both weapons were stigmatised by Pope Innocent III as 'deadly and odious to God'

unfounded. If the foreign nation asked for time to consider the demand, thirty-three days were allowed. If at the end of that time no satisfaction had been received, the priests reported back to the Senate and people, who then made the decision—war or peace.

A war declared in these circumstances was considered a 'just and pious war'. The favour or fury of the gods turned upon the justness or otherwise of the cause for which the Roman state had decided to go to war. In both its religious and moral aspect this was a remarkable idea; and its practical consequences upon the morale of the Roman people were likely to play a considerable part in achieving victory.

Under the influence of this idea the Romans, at least in

Republican times, seem to have conducted their wars with slightly less savagery than their neighbours. Indeed, the severity of the methods adopted depended in part upon the gravity of the wrong that had been done to Rome. In the later period, under the Empire, when the religious and moral ideas of the Republic had lost their force, the Roman methods of warfare yielded nothing in savagery and brutality to the practices of their adversaries.

The advent of Christianity had little immediate effect. The practices of warfare con-



'The Massacre of the Innocents' by Pieter Bruegel: a barbarous episode in sixteenth-century warfare

tinued with all their ancient savageries and cruelties unabated. It was this brutality, in fact, that led certain of the early Fathers of the Church to debate whether participation in any war was not a sin and whether the calling of a Christian and a soldier were compatible. Until these two questions had been settled there could be little room for speculation about the just or unjust causes of war. The Christian aversion to the shedding of blood, together with memories of the part played by the Roman soldiers in the persecutions, led to an extremely strict approach.

This is apparent, for example, in the writings of St. Basil the Great in the fourth century. 'Our fathers have not put in the class of homicide', he said, 'those massacres that are made in wars, persuaded as it seems to me that one must pardon those who fight for good and justice; but I would advise that they be deprived of communion for three years because they have bloody hands'. An even more extreme view was expressed by such authorities as Tertullian, and Clement of Alexandria, who condemned recourse to arms as a sin. Nevertheless, this strict attitude did not prevail.

It was perhaps the great authority of St. Augustine of Hippo more than of any of the early Fathers that determined the Christian attitude to wars. In his letter to his friend Marcellinus the Tribune, St. Augustine claimed that participation in a war is not necessarily a sin. In his famous letter against Faustus the Manichean he declared that the calling of a Christian and of a soldier were not inconsistent. The medieval schoolmen and canon lawyers were now free to consider whether all wars were just and, if not, what were the just and unjust causes of war and the conditions under which just wars should be waged. To aid them in their speculations the Roman idea of the just and pious war shorn

of its pagan and ceremonial associations was ready to hand. Using this idea as a precedent they developed and exploited it with all the subtlety and erudition at their command. The very turbulence and disorder of the medieval scene, with its frequent and bloody wars, both public and private, stimulated the desire of the schoolmen to bring all the phenomena of the universe under some kind of law and order. For this reason war was of great and abiding interest to them.

This approach reached its finest and most rational expression in the writings of the greatest of the schoolmen, St. Thomas Aquinas. His formulation of the essential conditions of the just war in his work the *Summa Theologica* was to prove authoritative for many years to come. In St. Thomas' scheme the just war required three things: first, the authority of the prince; second, a just cause, e.g., those to be attacked must have been guilty of some grave fault; and, third, a right intention, i.e., to promote good or avoid evil. Of these three the second, the just cause, came in time to be the most important. In St. Thomas' day, however, the regularity and brutality of the so-called private war gave a practical importance to the first of the requirements, the authority of the prince.

In spite of these lofty ideals, medieval warfare was unspeakably cruel and barbarous; and there is a discernible connection between this emphasis upon the just causes of war and the lack of any restraint in the actual conduct of warfare. It is clear from St. Thomas' writings that the just war was seen as the chosen instrument of God for the punishment of the wicked on this earth. In this light we can see an explanation for the slaughtering and mutilation of prisoners, the killing of women and children, and

the wholesale sacking and burning of towns. These activities are the consequences of the doctrine of the just war. Many contemporary writers reflect this view. Honoré Bonet, for example, writing at the turn of the fifteenth century, informs us that 'soldiers are the flail of God who by permission make wars upon sinners and upon sins and make havoc among them in this world as the devils of hell do in the next'.

Wars resembled floods, pestilences, fire, famine, and other natural disorders attributed to God's intervention in human affairs. The close association of these natural disasters with the normal consequences of warfare was not lost upon contemporaries. 'War', said King Henry V, an experienced soldier, 'has three faithful servitors, fire, flood, and famine. I have chosen the one which is sweetest'. His choice was in fact famine.

Apart from the theological and moral ideas underlying the just war, there was also a pronounced judicial quality inherent in all wars quite in keeping with the medieval preoccupation with legal ideas. In this light the declaration of war was a judgement

of death against the wicked prince and all his subjects and also a finding of guilty against the vanquished. This judicial approach helps to explain the barbarities of medieval warfare. The use of poisoned weapons, the poisoning of wells and water supplies, treachery, assassination, and systematic pillage could all find their justification in this idea of the lawful punishment of the legally guilty.

There is abundant evidence that these practices of warfare were in frequent use in the Middle Ages. The murder, mutilation, or enslaving of prisoners of war can also be explained on this basis. If these prisoners are considered as guilty men sentenced to death because they have served the vanquished

prince it is right that they should be in the mercy of the victorious prince who has captured them. The system of ransom, which prevailed well into the seventeenth century, can be seen as a conversion of mercy into cash, worked out according to the rank and status of the prisoner.

In those few rare instances when the Church did seek to restrict the methods of inflicting injury upon the enemy, the idea of the just war effectively frustrated its efforts. For example, the second Lateran Council of 1139 and a decretal of Pope Innocent III stigmatised the use of the crossbow and longbow as 'deadly and odious to God', and condemned their use against Christians. This rule was promptly interpreted as applicable only to unjust wars against Christians, and so the use of such weapons was treated as perfectly legitimate in just wars against Christians and in all wars against non-Christians.

And so the importance attributed to the idea of the just war throughout the Middle Ages and well into the seventeenth century undoubtedly delayed the appearance of any body of rules restraining the more barbarous practices of warfare. Grotius, who wrote his great treatise on the law of war and peace in the years 1623 and 1624, when the appalling cruelties of the Thirty Years War were in full spate, is nevertheless concerned mainly with the just causes of war. Only in book three does he advance his claim for the acceptance of the *temperamenta belli* or moderations in the conduct of warfare. These *temperamenta* have no legal force. They seem to be considered by Grotius as an appendix to the law of war proper. Later, many of these *temperamenta* came to be accepted as legal rules of war and this part of Grotius' work was hailed as one of his great contributions to international law;



Members of the International Red Cross speaking to an Italian prisoner in a hospital attached to a prisoner-of-war camp in the Middle East during the last war
Imperial War Museum

incidentally it was Grotius who pointed out that the idea of the just war meant that the subjects of a prince might refuse to take military service under him in a war which they considered unjust. So the modern conscientious objector has reason to be grateful to Grotius and to the idea of the just war.

Reversal in the Legal Attitude

At the close of the eighteenth century, and throughout the nineteenth right up to 1918, there was a complete reversal in the legal attitude to war. The right to resort to war was now considered a prerogative of national sovereignty. According to this view all wars were just. War was now the instrument, not of God for the punishment of the wicked but of the national policy. War was the method sanctioned by the law for changing the law, for asserting legal rights and abrogating treaties. If states were sovereign, *i.e.*, in exclusive control of their external affairs, then recourse to war was not a matter to be regulated by law except perhaps in the modest requirement that a declaration of war or ultimatum might be necessary before hostilities began. The justness of the cause of war was thus legally irrelevant.

It is in this period and particularly in the second half of the nineteenth century that a large part of the modern law of war was established and codified in a series of conventions concluded at the first and second Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907. These conventions introduced a number of legal rules governing the conduct of hostilities on land and sea; they also regulated the treatment of prisoners, the wounded and sick, and the civilian population in enemy-occupied territory. It is significant that this very substantial progress towards making the conduct of war less brutal and cruel was achieved at a time when the idea of the just war had virtually been abandoned. If it lingered on at all it was expressed in the belief that all wars were just.

The experiences of the first world war drew attention to certain defects in the law of war and also to that more serious flaw which vitiated any attempt to establish international legal order; that is, the unqualified acceptance of the legality of all wars, however slight and unscrupulous the causes might be. In 1928 the General Treaty for the Renunciation of War, known as the Pact of Paris, or the Briand-Kellogg Pact, was concluded with a view to remedying this state of affairs. By this treaty the parties condemned war as a method of solving international disputes, renounced war as an instrument of national policy, and undertook to settle their future disputes by exclusively pacific means. The idea of the just war had thus been reinstated, taken into the law, and given a prominence that it had not received since the Middle Ages.

Perhaps you may ask what were the just causes of war remaining after such a sweeping prohibition of the right to resort to war. They were two: a war in self-defence and a war undertaken against a state that had violated the treaty by an illegal resort to war in the first instance. This treaty has in its turn been overtaken but not superseded by the Charter of the United Nations. The essentially illegal nature of war is made clear throughout the Charter. Nevertheless, two lawful occasions of resort to war or the use of armed force still exist: first, the exercise of the inherent right of self-defence, individual or collective, against an armed attack, referred to in the famous Article 5 of the Charter; and, second, participation in a collective enforcement action ordered by the Security Council or voluntarily undertaken pursuant to a recommendation of the General Assembly, against an aggressor or disturber of the peace. All other resorts to war stand condemned as illegal.

It thus appears that we now have for the first time in history a legally established institution of the just war, with the emphasis upon the unjust or illegal war, existing alongside and in conjunction with a considerable body of rules regulating the actual conduct of warfare and the treatment of war victims. We have seen some of the effects of the old just war doctrine. What are the effects of the new one likely to be? There is an extreme view that all acts done during an illegal war are themselves illegal: for example, that all killing by the troops of an aggressor is murder. This was mentioned during the Nuremberg trials, but it has not proved acceptable. There is another view that suppression of resistance by an army of occupation which has illegally invaded

the territory of another state is automatically illegal; but this has not been upheld either.

There has been some support for the view that certain rights conferred by the law of war, particularly those relating to seizure and requisitioning of property in occupied territory, should not be available to an illegal belligerent. On the other hand, any claim to remove the restrictions on the actual conduct of hostilities, *e.g.*, the use of illegal weapons and the treatment of war victims, in favour of a belligerent resisting aggression either in self-defence or on behalf of the United Nations, has not so far been successful. It is, however, possible that any doubts as to the legality of certain modern weapons are going to be resolved in favour of belligerents waging the just or legal war. The idea of a law that binds only the illegal belligerents is repugnant to the binding force and essentially humanitarian nature of the law and would lead ultimately to its complete rejection. There is nothing contradictory in the outlawing of war and in the legal regulations of warfare when it breaks out. It can, I think, be urged that the modern idea of the just war, as reflected in the Charter, can and should reinforce the law of war and buttress it at every point, and should not be allowed to undermine it.

You may see a difficulty here. If aggression be illegal and the aggressor and the victim have the same benefits and burdens under the law, does it not pay to be an aggressor? You may remember that the war leaders of Germany and Japan were tried and found guilty of many crimes, including waging aggressive war, that is, an unjust war contrary to the Treaty of 1928 renouncing war. The Charter of the United Nations has lent added emphasis to the legal basis for any such trials in the future.

Extension in Collective Self-defence?

The main effects of the modern idea of the just war are more likely to be seen in other directions. One effect may well be a considerable extension of the rights of collective self-defence. If this extension is not kept within limits, Article 57 of the Charter will become the latent casualty of the Cold War. Another effect, complementary to the first, is the widening of the idea of aggression to include, for example, such activities as internal subversion supported by aid and propaganda from without. The persistent refusal of governments to define aggression will inevitably lead to the widening of the scope of the just or legal war in contrast to the Charter of the United Nations which has sought to narrow it. A third effect is the increasing tendency of medieval strategy to discriminate against an illegal belligerent—a tendency supported both by the Pact of Paris and by the Charter.

Thus the idea of the just war has, after a long history, received a new lease of life in this century. As long as it keeps within its proper sphere it can advance international order, but unchecked it can present us with either a return to the medieval predicament that in a just war everything was lawful, or to the nineteenth-century one in which all wars were lawful. There is, I suggest, room for the idea of the just war as well as a body of law to regulate the conduct of all wars, just or unjust.—*Third Programme*

Bible Story

In August, when the air of love was peeled,
I saw a burning boy upon the bed,
Shut a green shade against the harvest field
And held one shaking hand behind his head.

Stripped of his skin of breath, his heart untied,
I searched his threaded throat of serpentine,
And lying on the pallet at his side
I drew his beaten breast of milk to mine.

In this stone shell I poured such seas of prayer
His sailing soul was driven down from heaven,
His prodigal parents on the ringing stair
Heard, as the sun struck six, the boy sneeze seven,

And as he wandered, innocent, from my prison,
Cried, *Hail, Elisha, for our son is risen!*

CHARLES CAUSLEY

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Cambridge Days

CAMBRIDGE after the first world war may be imagined as a great and venerable mansion whose life and ways had been rudely interrupted and where, now that after an interval of some four and a half years guests were beginning to arrive again, ancient habits had to be resumed and the rules and traditions of the house taught to those who know them not. A skeleton staff, together with a few crocks, had remained in residence and these henceforth did their best to welcome the newcomers and to guide their footsteps. Mr. Denis Johnston who recalls memories of Cambridge at this period—readers will find his talk on another page—alludes to some of these newcomers as ‘warriors . . . from places with historic names like Plugstreet and Wipers’.

Plugstreet to Peterhouse, Wipers to Whewell's Court—it was a time of transition and adjustment. One sees in retrospect the kindly, grey-haired tutor, a survival and abiding feature of the college from the previous century to (one hoped) the end of time, beaming benignly over gold-rimmed spectacles at the young martial figure standing almost at attention by his desk: ‘So you are back from the wars’ (he speaks slowly, almost diffidently). ‘You must have had quite an exciting time’. There were seeming anomalies—a major sitting in Hall among the Freshmen while one of his erstwhile subalterns resumed his lordly seat at the High Table. Inevitably groups formed, involving segregations; the veterans hobnobbed with one another and the ‘schoolboys’ clung together. Yet in so far as all were Peter Pans the lines of division became mercifully blurred.

Mr. Johnston speaks of the functional feature of the times, the organised rag. But all were not so innocuous as the rags that he recalls. ‘Pacifism’ had not entirely shed its pejorative overtones. There were ugly incidents. One recalls—with shame—how an eminent figure, long since honoured for his sane and liberal views, was tracked down and all but, if not in fact, thrown into the river. Occurrences of this kind were doubtless to be debited to the aftermath of war, before the civilising influence had taken hold. On the credit side there was the scene in the Union when Lord Cecil, debating with the Duke of Northumberland, declared that ‘the League of Nations may be idealistic, but it is a preference of spiritual to material things’. The applause was thunderous and prolonged, and the motion (considering the League ‘worthless as a guarantee of international peace and to be a radically unsound and dangerous project’) was lost by 723 votes to 280—whereby cynics may be quick to claim that the other place has no monopoly in the matter of lost causes. However that may be, if, as Mr. Johnston suggests, ‘the things that this particular group has come out with’ are something of a shock, the full explanation is hardly to be sought on the banks of the Cam. The things that the same generation emerging from the other place, or indeed any other place, have come out with are surely no less shocking—if that be the word. The temper of the times may indeed have something to do with the way we have operated since those days. But when all is said, of the generation that should have gone up in the lustrum that began in 1914 only a few remained. The rest made the grade elsewhere, in the region of Plugstreet and Wipers, of the Somme and Passchendaele.

What They Are Saying

Descent from the ‘summit’

WHILE WESTERN COMMENTATORS stressed Mr. Khrushchev's *volte-face* over a ‘summit’ meeting in the Security Council on the Middle East, Mr. Khrushchev himself, speaking on August 10 at the opening of a new hydro-electric power-station at Kuibyshev, said it was the United States and Britain who had rejected the Soviet proposals for a ‘summit’ conference on the Middle East. He maintained that the threat of war in the Middle East remained acute. This was also alleged in many Moscow broadcasts, which claimed that the threat of war would cease only when American and British troops withdrew from Lebanon and Jordan. It was only the determination of the ‘peace-loving states’ which had ‘forced the initiators of armed intervention to refrain at this stage from extending the aggression to other countries’, just as it had ‘forced’ them to recognise the Iraq Republic.

The main preoccupation of the radios throughout the Sino-Soviet bloc was to give immense publicity to the Mao-Khrushchev *communiqué*, and stress its warnings to the ‘imperialist maniacs who are trying to unleash a new war’ that if they did so they would be destroyed ‘once and for all’. The *communiqué* was said to have the joyful approval of ‘the workers of the whole world’. Much publicity was also given to Mr. Khrushchev's interview with Indian ‘peace’ delegates, in which he said:

It is not civilisation and culture that the colonialists bring to the countries dependent on them, but oppression, violence, poverty, backwardness and enslavement.

Mr. Khrushchev went on to say that ‘the peaceful countries . . . must stop the intervention of the colonialists in the domestic affairs of the Arab countries’.

In answer to the question, as to what was his view on sending volunteers, Mr. Khrushchev replied:

The participation of volunteers from other countries in events in the Middle East would mean a real war . . . If, in defiance of common sense, the aggressors venture to unleash a new war, that war will be fatal for them. But we go on saying that it is better not to have any war at all . . . For the sake of this we are ready for complete disarmament.

Cairo broadcasts, like those from the communist world, put the blame on the U.S.A. and Britain for obstructing a ‘summit’ meeting. According to Baghdad radio, President Nasser had told a Japanese M.P. that he had received assurances from Mr. Khrushchev that the U.S.S.R. would come to the help of the United Arab Republic in the event of ‘U.S. aggression’.

From India, *The Times of India* was quoted as stressing that ‘the responsibility for evading a “summit meeting” within the Security Council rests squarely with the Soviet Union . . . Khrushchev and—what is more to the point—Mao Tse-tung have decided to sabotage a high-level meeting’. The same newspaper said that the joint *communiqué* had reinforced the impression

that the Communist Powers are interested in the summit for purposes which have nothing to do with peaceful agreement. The entire tone of the joint declaration from Peking is aggressively Stalinistic, but the accents are unmistakably those of Mao Tse-tung.

The consensus of opinion among Western commentators was that the debate in the U.N. Assembly was unlikely to lead to any settlement in the Middle East. This was emphasised in France particularly. Many attributed Mr. Khrushchev's *volte-face* to Mao Tse-tung's influence. From Australia, the *Sydney Morning Herald* was quoted for the view that Mr. Khrushchev had suffered the most spectacular reverse of his career:

Mao Tse-tung, suspicious all along of Khrushchev's softer policy to the West, resentful that Mr. Nehru should be preferred to himself as a ‘summit’ partner, and insulted that Khrushchev should so far defer to the West as to consider talking in the company of nationalist China, has vetoed the whole idea . . . Khrushchev's submission has momentous implications for the West . . . It serves notice that world communism, under the influence of the diehards led by Mao, is rejecting a policy of partial disengagement in the cold war and is turning back to Stalin's party line. It proclaims to the world that China is moving decisively to end her isolation and aloofness. That can only mean that the cold war will be intensified.

Did You Hear That?

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND CAERNARVON

ON JULY 26 Her Majesty the Queen announced at the closing ceremony of the Empire Games that she intended to create her son, Charles, Prince of Wales. She then added: 'When he is grown up I will present him to you at Caernarvon'. S. A. CLARIDGE, the senior history master at Caernarvon Grammar School, spoke about Caernarvon and the Prince of Wales in a talk in 'The Eye-witness'.

'In the Eagle Tower of Caernarvon Castle', he said, 'they once used to show visitors the very room where Edward of Caernarvon, the first English Prince of Wales, was born. No doubt you remember the famous story about Edward I: he had completed his conquest of North Wales in 1283 and the Welsh pleaded with him: "Do not put an Englishman to rule over us; appoint a Welsh prince". "Very well", Edward replied, "assemble at Caernarvon and I will present to you a new prince, born in Wales, unable to speak a single word of English". On the appointed day, the leaders of the Welsh assembled at the castle of Caernarvon and there Edward presented to them their new prince, his newly born son, who could not speak a word of English—or Welsh.

'This story belongs to legend, not history. The castle was not even built when he was born. Yet Caernarvon's connection with that prince is real enough. He was born in Caernarvon and it is probable that his birthplace was a castle on the same site, originally established there by the Normans. The association between the Prince of Wales and Caernarvon Castle was finally confirmed in 1911, with the investiture of another Prince Edward. For that occasion of brilliant pageantry, the ancient castle had been rescued from crumbling decay and restored to something of its former grandeur. Since that sweltering July day, when the greatest in the land assembled at Caernarvon, the massive castle has proved itself a worthy setting for all occasions of pomp and circumstance, including visits from the last four reigning monarchs.

'The majesty of the castle's grim strength is matched by the beauty of its setting, with the waters of the Menai Strait at its feet and the mountains of Snowdonia as its background. Each summer the castle becomes truly cosmopolitan, with its thousands of visitors from all corners of the world. Yet no place is more truly Welsh than Caernarvon, the capital of Gwynedd, the last stronghold of the Welsh princes.

'For many years, too, the castle had for Constable the best known of all modern Welshmen, David Lloyd George. It was probably his inspiration to revive the medieval splendours of the investiture and to enact it at Caernarvon Castle. It was he who coached the young Prince in a smattering of Welsh, with which to answer the acclamations of the people.

'An order for the castle's demolition was once signed by

Charles II in 1660 but, like the monarch who condemned it to death, it has been an unconscionable time a-dying. This majestic castle, the ancient Borough of Caernarvon, and the people of Wales will all know how to play their parts when the great day of the investiture comes'.

ROCK 'N' ROLL IN EAST GERMANY

IVOR JONES, B.B.C. Berlin correspondent, spoke in 'Today' of how the craze for Elvis Presley, an American 'rock-'n'-roll' singer, came to East Germany.

'The fans ran true to form', he said. 'They had been dancing

at a country inn near Leipzig and by way of telling the public what they thought of "squares", and the living dead in general, they produced a placard. It said "Elvis Presley Our Idol. We demand Rock 'n' Roll". I was not there, but it is a fair guess than even in East Germany they also wore blue jeans and made a certain amount of noise.

'Compared with some Presley demonstrations in the West, it all sounds harmless enough. However, there were certain comrades present, young Communists, who took great offence and called the police. Perhaps they wanted to preserve law and order, or perhaps they thought that if anyone was going to have an idol he should choose someone like Mr. Khrushchev. Anyway, the eight rock 'n' rollers were taken away and put behind bars for from



Caernarvon Castle from the air

Aerofilms

seven months to two years, for—as the charge says "rioting and anti-state activities". The inn-keeper has lost his licence, and his "pub" is being taken over by the state which is unlikely to add to the gaiety of the district.

'It all sounds pompous, humourless and intolerant, but then the authorities do take jazz very seriously indeed. Not long ago the word went forth that there was to be less dreaming about the exotic landscapes of Hawaii and Mexico—the only alternative suggested at the time was Tirana in Albania, which is perfectly safe, being Communist and almost inaccessible anyway. However, it is no doubt only a matter of time before the authorities get round to Omsk, Tomsk, Irkutsk, Novo-Sibersk, and Ulan Bator. This last—since Mr. Molotov is now exiled there—might be a good subject for a blues. There might also have been some future for a piece called "Summit Stomp", if the authorities had not announced their view that "great historic tasks and deep social conflicts were not proper themes for dance music".

'In spite of this kind of guidance, however, officially approved jazz does not seem to fetch the public, so to make sure it gets a hearing anyway, it was ruled a few months ago that bands must spend three-fifths of their time playing Communist dance music, and only two-fifths on the Western kind. But bands, anxious to please their customers, have been getting round this by using up their Eastern quota while business is slack and keeping their Western allowance for weekends when the dance floors are

packed. The authorities have now set up brigades of investigators to deal with this kind of ingenuity. No doubt the shock-troopers of jazz are carefully chosen to ensure that they do not become Presley fans themselves'.

A DEAD INDUSTRY

'A craft which lived and died in the villages of Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire during the last century', said RICHARD WHITMORE in 'Town and Country', 'was straw-plaiting. It was born shortly after the hat-making industry became established in Luton. As the industry grew, so hundreds of women in the surrounding villages found themselves fully occupied with what, to them, was a highly profitable pastime.

'The work they did consisted of weaving strippings of specially treated wheat straw into twenty-foot lengths—sometimes using highly complicated patterns. These lengths were called "scores", and for each score the manufacturers paid eightpence. A skilled plaiter could produce a score every day. As eightpence was just about the amount earned daily by each man on the land you can imagine how this craft—which could double the family income—thrived. Every evening, winter and summer, these wives and their daughters were at it. Nimble fingers weaved the strippings into intricate and beautiful scores, as the women folk sat outside their cottages waiting for the men to return from the fields.

'These plaiters may have been simple country folk, but they had their business heads screwed on the right way. After what I suspect was nothing less than public demand, the village school teachers saw fit to introduce straw-plaiting into the curriculum of their schools. Very quickly indeed, this became the principal subject. It had to be. For as soon as the children had been taught all there was to be learnt about the craft, their mothers kept them away from school to spend the whole day pushing up the family income, plaiting at home! It also saved twopence a week in school fees.

'In the end, and in a frantic effort to keep as many tuppences rolling in as possible, the teachers compromised and allowed the children to plait all through lessons. Their learning was reduced to "being read to", except for a very short period when plaits were put down and slates picked up for a little handwriting practice.

'At the turn of the century, the demand for straw hats became less and less and that for machines became more and more. As an industry, straw-plaiting died. As a craft it is kept alive even today but only by the faithful few whose work can be seen at least once a year decorating the altars of most village churches at Harvest Festival time'.

WILTON MARKET-PLACE AT MIDNIGHT

'It is at sometime after midnight', said JOHN BRADDOCK in 'Round-up' (West of England Home Service), 'that the army of occupation moves in on Wilton market-place. In the daytime cars and vans, coaches and lorries park and go away again and nobody takes any notice. Even the buses only insist on their right to manoeuvre, not on ownership. As the evening wears on, the traffic slows down. Pubs and cinemas empty. Lights go out. Except for the occasional, unaggressive traveller, all is peaceful. Then, with a purposeful rumble, number one sweeps into the empty square, taking undisputed possession. As if to assert its authority more completely it draws up at right-angles to the normal lie of daytime parking. The handbrake ratchet rattles

on. The engine cuts out and there she lies, all twenty tons of her, for all the world like a ship.

'One by one her companions thunder in to join her. You can hear them for quite a while before their headlights show, whether they are coming from London or Exeter way. There may be anything up to a dozen of them, all told, mainly eight-wheelers or articulated trucks, humped with all kinds of loads, lined up side by side and filling the whole market-place.

'As they stop the lights come on in the cabs, while the drivers make out their log sheets. It is on misty nights that you see them at their best, when they seem to float in the darkness like lighted bubbles. The drivers of these long-distance heavy lorries are now half way through a night's work. And it is in Wilton market-place at any time between midnight and two in the morning that they pull in to have their break. It gets them off the road if there is fog about, one of them told me. But it has another advantage. Wilton lies just about half way between Exeter and London, which is important, because it is where they change drivers. Instead of going through from Exeter to London, lodging a night and then driving back, each driver does the same mileage but ends up at home.

'It does not always work out like that. There has to be an equal number of vehicles travelling in each direction if they are to pair off exactly. All the information is passed by teleprinter between the two depots, so that the drivers know before they start if they are changing over, and even who they are changing over with.

'Like most systems, it is fallible, and conversation in Wilton market-place sometimes gets acrimonious, even picturesque, if someone somewhere is running late'.



A straw 'dolley'—a typical example of the work which is still to be seen decorating the altars of village churches at Harvest Festival

SPAGHETTI MUSEUM

'There are museums for most things up and down Italy', said PATRICK SMITH in 'Radio Newsreel', 'covering almost every aspect of its culture from the earliest times. Now comes a museum more in keeping with ordinary everyday life. It is one just opened

at Pontedassio, above the Italian Riviera, dedicated to that most Italian of all dishes—spaghetti.

'Here can be seen a large collection of photographs, drawings, and documents tracing every aspect of this staple food. There are action photographs of some of the most expert spaghetti eaters in the world. There are even Papal Bulls and other decrees which in the past regulated the quality of spaghetti, as well as some of the earliest machines used in its making, giving the final lie to the spurious claims of a television programme made some years back that spaghetti was harvested and not made.

'One important section of the museum is devoted to the technique of spaghetti eating, showing the right and the wrong way of twirling the long strands round the fork without leaving any loose ends—an art which baffles most non-Italians, at least to begin with. Having mastered this difficult feat, the inquiring and enterprising gastronome is then initiated into the various manners of preparing the dish. It is most usually served with a fresh tomato sauce, but it can also be eaten with butter or with meat *alla bolognese*, with tiny pieces of ham and bacon *alla carbonara*, with mushrooms or with tiny shellfish known as *spaghetti alle vongole*. Generally speaking, whatever the accompanying sauce, your complete spaghetti eater showers the whole dish with grated Parmesan cheese for good measure and has a carafe of local wine to help wash it down. This museum should have many visitors seeking to improve their techniques and there are a number of restaurants nearby invitingly ready to assist'.

The Christian View of Marriage

The Rev. G. B. BENTLEY gives the second of three talks on Christian doctrine and divorce

I THINK the best thing for me to aim at is clarification. Seeing how long this debate about whether marriage can be dissolved or not has been going on, you would expect that by now the two sides would at least understand each other. But it is not so. The argument is still bedevilled by cross purposes. I noticed some signs of this in the discussion last week* between the priest and the solicitor. In the first place, they did not seem to be completely agreed on the sort of marriage they were discussing. At the beginning Canon FitzGerald limited his claim of indissolubility to 'valid sacramental marriage contracted between Christians'. But, as far as I can make out, the solicitor took no notice of this restriction: he talked about marriage in general; and Canon FitzGerald accepted this enlargement of the field of discussion without making any protest. I shall have something to say about this later.

Misleading Language

Again, I think the solicitor misinterpreted what Christians say about man and wife being 'joined together by God'. In Christian language that phrase simply means that God, out of respect for human liberty, accepts and ratifies all marriage vows which are freely and validly exchanged, whether he has himself inspired them or not: it does not imply that God has himself moved the persons concerned to marry or that he is committed to 'blessing' their marriages, in the sense of 'prospering' them. Consequently the breakdown of common life in a given marriage does not count against the assertion that the couple were 'joined together by God' and so indissolubly united. But the solicitor apparently thought Christian language did imply the divine approval and the divine blessing; and so, naturally, he concluded that the fact of breakdown ought to count against indissolubility. For instance, after citing a case in which a wife left her husband, never to return, the day after their wedding, he said: 'Are you really going to suggest that that was a marriage which had been properly and validly *blessed* by God, and that that man and woman ought to remain married in name for the rest of their lives?' Clearly Christian language can mislead.

Take a third instance, in which again those who defend indissolubility seem to their opponents to be absurdly blind to realities. The solicitor advanced the familiar argument that, human nature being what it is, if you will not let people divorce and remarry you will drive many of them into adulterous associations. That is mere common sense, many would say. But to the Catholic Christian the argument does not make sense at all: it seems to him to mean: 'If you don't let people commit adultery, they will commit adultery'; because in his eyes what other people call 'remarriage' is an adulterous association. And that puzzles the other side a good deal: they find it extremely hard to grasp the fact that in Christian language 'indissoluble' means, not 'ought not to be dissolved', but 'cannot be dissolved', and that therefore, to the Catholic, 'remarriage after divorce' signifies not an unlawful act, but an impossible one—something that no one can achieve however hard he tries.

The cause of these confusions, I believe, is that the two sides in the debate mean different things by the word 'marriage', but do not always realise they do. Consequently when they dispute about whether indissolubility can properly be predicated of marriage, and reach opposite conclusions, they may both be right; because they have two different subjects in mind, and the predicate will fit one but not the other. So, as a first step towards clarification, I want to try to get clear what these different senses of the word 'marriage' are.

Let me take the solicitor first. He represents, I should say, the common-sense, utilitarian notion of marriage which most people in this country probably hold. The first principle of this is that marriage is made for man—which means for human nature

as we know it. Very well then, what kind of association between man and woman is best suited to that human nature and so productive of the greatest happiness of the greatest number? No doubt the answer commonly given is influenced by vestigial Christianity and by established customs: at any rate, it is monogamy. Monogamy fits in with our ideas about love; and it is socially desirable because it makes for stability and provides the best environment for bringing up a family.

It follows that divorce is an evil. But, if we look facts in the face and consider man as he actually is, we shall see that it is a necessary evil. The real substance of marriage is the common life of husband and wife. But sometimes that common life comes to grief; sometimes, as the solicitor pointed out, it does not even get started. In such cases there is no real marriage in existence. All there is is the legal set-up which goes with marriage; and to maintain that by itself and call it 'marriage' is socially mischievous, as well as being a misuse of language. The business of the law is not to perpetuate fictions without any substance, but to recognise and protect real marriages—cohabitations which are going concerns. Divorce is necessary to this end. It is legal recognition of an empirical fact—the fact that the substance of a marriage, the common life, is non-existent; and it sets the persons concerned free to start afresh and make real marriages, if they want to, under the protection of the law.

Obviously it would be absurd to predicate indissolubility of marriage conceived in this way. Experience shows that the substance of marriage is far from being indestructible; and so it seems that the only thing Christian talk about indissolubility can possibly refer to is the legal set-up: such talk can mean only that the law ought to refuse to come to terms with reality.

I think this common-sense, utilitarian doctrine is harder to refute than some Christians will allow. Indeed I doubt if it can be refuted by argument on the common-sense level. For instance, take the familiar bit of reasoning, that marriage is for procreating and bringing up children, and that lifelong permanence is necessary to these ends. This is far from being decisive. It may persuade people that lifelong permanence is the ideal; but it will not convince many that a marriage cannot be dissolved in any circumstances. What about childless marriages? And is it certain that it is always in the best interests of the children that hopelessly incompatible parents should either continue a dog's life together or else separate without the possibility of remarriage? And so on.

Meaning of Marriage Vows

All the same, the common-sense doctrine has at least this weakness, I should say: it fails to make sense of the initial marriage vows. As we have seen, the kernel of the doctrine is that the real substance of marriage is the common life, so that a marriage comes to an end when that common life collapses, and a divorce is merely legal recognition of the empirical fact. But what happens to the vows in that case? Do they lapse with the failure of the common life? I cannot see how they can if they were ever genuine life-vows—if they involved a full and unconditional gift of self. If vows of that kind have been made, then surely divorce cannot be merely the legal recognition of an actual breakdown: to be effective, it will have to include an act of spiritual authority—dispensation from the vows. But it is hard to believe that the divorce court has spiritual authority of that kind. So we seem forced to this conclusion: that the common-sense doctrine rules out vows of unconditional self-committal for life. And that means that common-sense utilitarian marriage is not an adequate expression of love; because true love is not a common-sense, utilitarian thing: it impels to utter self-abandonment, to fidelity unto death, to self-immolation even.

No doubt those who want to are at liberty to give this kind

of meaning to their vows; but if they do, it will be a private, supererogatory act, not one that is required by marriage itself; and so if, later on, their common life runs into danger, neither the law nor the accepted view of marriage will do anything to buttress their fidelity: on the contrary, both will suggest to their troubled minds that it is foolish to interpret their vows in such manner that they cannot accept the release which the law offers. I imagine something like this must happen in present circumstances.

The Divorce Court and Spiritual Authority

This, by the way, is a point at which those church people who feel the attraction of the common-sense doctrine get into difficulties. They cannot, obviously, give up believing that marriage vows involve unconditional self-committal for life. For one thing, the form of the vows in the marriage service is far too explicit. So they cannot explain divorce by a doctrine of breakdown of marriage alone: they have to point to some authority which can dispense from the vows. As far as I know, they have not yet succeeded in doing this. It is true that the Eastern Orthodox appear to have accepted a doctrine of breakdown of marriage; but I cannot discover how they get over the difficulty of the vows. In the West I think the most the Church has claimed is to dispense, for grave reasons, in certain cases where either the marriage has never been consummated or one party has been baptised since the marriage and wishes to marry a Christian. So to make sense of divorce as we know it in England today we should have to attribute to the divorce court a spiritual authority vastly greater than that of the Pope. And some Anglicans are not entirely convinced about the authority of the Pope!

But even this difficulty of the vows will not seem decisive to everyone. In the last resort the Christian notion of marriage depends on what Christians call 'revelation'—on the special illumination provided by Christ. And I want to underline that word 'illumination'; because those who say that Christ did not legislate in this matter are right. He did not make a new law for his followers to obey: he simply brought to light a fact that had always been implicit in the creation of man and woman, the fact that when two people marry they become mysteriously one. 'They are no more twain, but one flesh'. God joins them together in the sense that by the very constitution of his creation the mutual gift of self, with its consummation, establishes this oneness. 'One flesh' is itself a mysterious expression; but I think we may safely compare the bond it signifies with the bond of kinship. So that it is just about as sensible for a human court to say to those who have once been made one flesh 'You are no longer man and wife' as to say to members of the same family 'You are no longer mother and son' or 'You are no longer brother and sister'.

St. Paul's Analogy

St. Paul develops some implications of this. The union of man and wife, he says, is analogous to the union of the Church with Christ. Consequently, just as the Christian life begins with the mysterious union with Christ that baptism brings about, and is then meant to realise the union on the level of love and fidelity, so married life begins with the mysterious union in one flesh, and is meant to realise that progressively on the same level. And in both cases consciousness of the pre-established union is one of the strongest encouragements to such realisation. Moreover Christ's love for his Church is the model for the love of husband and wife. The infidelity of Christians does not diminish the fidelity of Christ's love: the infidelity of one spouse should not diminish the fidelity of the other.

Does all this apply to marriage in general, or only to what Canon FitzGerald called 'sacramental marriage contracted between Christians'? It applies to every genuine marriage. Christ did not speak of some new kind of marriage, intended only for his disciples: he spoke of the marriage which is implicit in creation. And 'sacramental' marriage is not something basically different from non-sacramental marriage: it is simply marriage 'in the Lord'—that is, marriage between members of Christ, members of his Church. In that setting marriage becomes a

sacrament in that it not only reflects the union of Christ with his Church, but also serves to consolidate and realise that union: the man becomes a minister of Christ to the woman, and the woman to the man.

The doctrine of the 'one flesh', then, applies to marriage in general. The reason why Canon FitzGerald at first limited his claim to sacramental marriage between Christians was, I imagine, this: there are some situations in which the Holy See has claimed to dissolve a marriage contracted in unbelief in favour of a new Christian marriage; so if he was to make a generalisation about indissolubility to which there were no exceptions he had to restrict it to sacramental marriage. But, as I remarked earlier, he did not protest when the solicitor enlarged the field of discussion; and so I take it he would not deny that, as a rule, indissolubility is a property of all genuine marriage.

Hence the apparently lunatic inconsistency of the position I am maintaining. I have admitted that the union in one flesh, which is what makes marriage indissoluble, can be perceived only by faith: that is to say, the only adequate cause for belief in such union is belief that the New Testament reveals the true nature of marriage. Further, if marriage is what the New Testament says it is, it is bound to make demands, at times, for heroic virtue; and Christians are the first to allow that these demands are too great for human beings, unless they are living in vital union with Christ and believe that God himself called them to marriage. The natural conclusion is that here is a conception of marriage that may be all right for Christians but is clearly out of the question for non-Christians. As the solicitor remarked to Canon FitzGerald: 'If every man and woman in this country were Catholic or Christian, there might be something to be said for your point of view'.

Moral Guilt

Am I content with this conclusion? Not a bit of it. As I see it, I am not taking what Christ said seriously unless I say that unbelievers as well as Christians become one flesh when they marry, and that, therefore, for them, too, divorce is an impossibility. Of course I am not saying that, if in fact they do divorce and remarry legally, they incur moral guilt in the same way as Christians who know about the union in one flesh; but that does not make remarriage after divorce marriage as Christ described it.

A nonsensical state of affairs, it seems. Or is it? Is it by any chance an instance of the foolishness of God being wiser than the wisdom of the world? Perhaps God does not mean marriage to fit comfortably into a utilitarian pattern of life. Perhaps he means its disturbing incongruity to be a standing reminder that what is popularly called happiness is not a final goal: that love and fidelity are more precious; and that man is maimed and incomplete without the supernatural. If so, true compassion will consist not in fitting out maimed and incomplete man with a common-sense kind of marriage made to measure but rather in understanding and sharing the distresses which, the world being what it is, the intractable nature of marriage is bound to provoke.

There are those who will tell you that this is not Anglican doctrine. They will cite a succession of divines who interpreted 'except it be for fornication' in St. Matthew as meaning that divorce for adultery was in accord with Christ's teaching; and they will produce historical precedents to show that, in spite of its canon law, the Church of England acknowledged divorce on that ground. I will say just two things about this. The first is that few would now support that interpretation of St. Matthew—and in any case an exception in favour of divorce for adultery would do nothing to justify divorce on all the other grounds which are now recognised by the law of the land. The second is a principle of some importance. You do not prove a thing is true by showing it has as a matter of fact been taught in the Church of England: on the contrary, you prove a thing is fit to be taught in the Church of England by showing that it is true.

—Third Programme

The eleventh Eddington Memorial Lecture, entitled *Science and the Idea of God*, by C. A. Coulson, F.R.S., has now been published as a booklet (Cambridge University Press, price 4s. 6d.).

Seven Days Before the Mast

A holiday on the Norfolk Broads by J. B. BOOTHROYD

JUST one thing I would like to get clear from the start, and that is that I have absolutely nothing against the Norfolk Broads; in fact, if I were twenty years younger, and knew the first thing about sailing, I would go again tomorrow. Well, perhaps not tomorrow . . . I want to get out of this banana shape. I don't know whether you have ever been shaped like a banana, but it comes from sleeping in a small, narrow bunk that follows the lines of a small, narrow boat.

No, the Broads really are wonderful. The boats are so cheap, for one thing. That is how they get people to go. And everyone is so friendly and gay, especially on those big motor launches that take families of sixteen. They go towering past, and the wash bounces you against the cabin roof and sends your frying-pan sliding into the scuppers—whatever they are—and fifteen of the family hang over the back and laugh at you through their iced lollies. There is a great spirit there. And talk about 'getting away from it all'. Why after a couple of hours drifting out of control in the middle of an angry regatta, you don't so much as know the name of the Prime Minister. You'd have a bit of a job to remember your own, as a matter of fact. And another thing, it is such a long holiday, a week on the Broads. You know, on an ordinary holiday, you suddenly realise that in three days it will all be over, and it makes you very sad and unhappy. Well, on the Broads it's different. You suddenly realise you have three more days to go, and it seems like a lifetime. You look at each other, white and shaking, and you say, 'Good Lord—do you realise it's still only Tuesday?'

At least we had the sense to know that we didn't know a thing about sailing. My wife had sailed before, and she said it was like being a bird. What she forgot was that last time she had been a bird she was with an experienced crew who knew how to be one. This time it was just me, and I didn't. All I had ever done was a shillingsworth on the boating lake at Hove. And there is one big difference between Hove and Norfolk: at Hove if you are gone more than five minutes a boatman comes out and gets you. You could be gone five years on the Broads, and no one to worry but the insurance company.

So when we got down to the boatyard and loaded the stores—it was a brilliant day, very hot, especially bent double in a five-foot cabin trying to get your leg out of a crate of tinned beans—the first thing was to get some information on how to sail this thing. At one time we had thought of learning it from a book, and we got a book, and it fell open at a chapter beginning, 'First, undo the mains'l shackle and shackle on the cringle'; and we said, well, it's obviously perfectly simple if you have someone to show you. We'll ask the man when we get there. So we did, and I made it clear to him that we knew nothing at all about sailing, except that you wore white hats for it. And he said, 'Nothing?' and I said, 'Absolutely nothing'. And he said: 'Well, it's perfectly simple—this is the peak halyard and that's the throat halyard'.

They seemed to be some sort of ropes. And I said: 'Just a minute, what do you mean, peak, throat?' And he got a bit impatient. He was one of those chaps who know it all but can't tell you. He said 'Well, it's the gaff. The peak of the gaff and the throat of the gaff'.

I asked him what the gaff was, and my wife patted a long pole and said, 'This is the gaff', and the man said, 'No, it isn't, that's the boom, and you want to watch it for a gybe'. And I watched it, but it didn't do anything, and I think it struck us both about then that we might as well get under way and rely on our own common sense. The man still maundered on about not lowering the mast without removing the jaws, and keeping the peak higher than the throat and not forgetting to slacken the topping-lift, and leaving the shrouds alone, and swigging the jib—you never heard such language. So we gave him two bob to show us how to start the outboard engine and he saluted us with a bit of a sneer and went off.

The outboard engine had been my idea, and I am proud to say so. My wife had been all against it. We were going sailing, she said, and if we were going to have a great hunk of machinery clamped on the back we might just as well have hired a motor launch and be done with it. She has that funny, romantic streak. But of course I am the practical one. I said: 'What if there was no wind. Shouldn't we look pretty stupid, sitting motionless in the middle of a Broad for seven days?' So in the end she agreed, and we'd ordered an outboard engine. Actually, as it turned out, we were never short of wind, meteorologically speaking; in fact, most of the time there was so much we thought we had better not put the sail up—sails, I should say, because there was a little one to hang out in front. I never found out what it was supposed to do. And

the rest of the time there was so little that it didn't seem worth while putting the sail up. In fact, that was the trouble all along—we never seemed to get the exact amount of wind we wanted. That was really why we never did much sailing. It was just our luck, really, that the wind only seemed to have these two ideas, a gentle breeze and half a gale, with nothing in between. When we looked at all the other yachtsmen, skimming like birds and rushing up and down the boat yelling 'Ready about' and 'Lee-o' and other nautical remarks, we felt a bit out of it. I suppose they had hoisted sail miles away, somewhere near Norwich, or something—you know, where the wind was just right for it. We used to wave to them as we were disentangling our propeller from the weeds, and hoped we looked as if we'd had our fill of sailing for one day, and were taking it easy for half an hour before skimming off into the sunset.

However, I am rushing ahead somewhat. Actually, we hadn't left the boatyard yet. In fact, there was a time when it looked as if we never should. It's well known, the trouble with outboards is that they won't start when they are cold. I was quite prepared for this, and I explained it to the crew. I told her she had better



'I suppose we are probably the only boat ever to spend its first three days on the Broads only 200 yards outside the boatyard'

go into the cabin and settle down with a good book while I went into half an hour's purgatory with the string thing that you try to start outboards with. I know she doesn't like to see me suffer—and she doesn't care for bad language either. So down she went below, bent double, with her knuckles trailing—I forgot to say that we were not only shaped like bananas at the end of all this, but like broken bananas as well—and of course, what should happen but that the engine started first go. I was amazed, when I picked myself up out of the corner of the cockpit: there it was, going. It sounded like four men with pneumatic drills, and it made enough blue smoke to screen the American Sixth Fleet, but I didn't care. We were off. I felt like John Masefield and the captain of the *Flying Enterprise* rolled into one.

Casting Off

I opened the throttle and waited for the land to glide smoothly away behind us. The reason it didn't, of course, was that we were still tied to it by a couple of stout ropes. I suppose I should have looked pretty silly if there had been anyone about to see. A minute before the place had been swarming with people, but now there wasn't a soul in sight. And although this was lucky, in a way, because there was no one to laugh at us, in another way it wasn't, because there was no one to cast off for us, either. So I had to shout for the crew. But four men with pneumatic drills take some shouting against, and in the end I had to stop engines. I bellowed: 'Go ashore and cast off, can't you?', and there was a loud bang from inside the cabin, and the crew came out holding her head, with her eyes full of tears. We got used to that later. Any sharp movement below and you had a lump on your nut the size of a melon. After three days we couldn't get our hats on.

Anyway, she went ashore and cast off, and the very instant she had thrown the second rope on board a nice brisk wind sprang up—on the port beam, I think—and blew me out in midstream. The crew danced up and down on the shore, yelling to me to come back. Quite right, too. I know some husbands and wives go in for separate holidays nowadays, but this was no way to start one. And it was then I found that we'd got a special sort of outboard engine. It wasn't one that wouldn't start when it was cold; this one wouldn't start when it was warm. And there I was, drifting sideways roughly in the direction of Yarmouth, flailing away like a lunatic with the starting string and the engine just going *fitcha-fitcho-fitcho-pheweeesh-putt!* and the crew running along the bank telling me to stop. I only wished I could. Luckily the wind got even brisker and blew me across to the other bank and wedged the top of the mast in an overhanging tree—and the crew ran three-quarters of a mile to the nearest bridge, crossed it, and ran another three-quarters of a mile and rejoined the ship. And it struck us both that we might as well moor there, and climb into our bunks and have a good night's rest, and get our strength back for another day.

I am not going to worry you with the details of the next few days, because as a matter of fact there aren't any. We stayed there. I suppose we are probably the only boat ever to spend its first three days on the Broads only 200 yards outside the boatyard. We did an awful lot of crossword puzzles and ate an awful lot of canned beans, and we talked late into the night trying to decide whose idea it was to be on the Broads at all. There was nothing else to do, really. When you're being blown against the bank by a fresh north-westerly wind, with your mast caught in a tree and your carburettor full of rainwater, you have to pass the time as best you can. And then, on the Wednesday I think it was, the wind dropped, and we pushed ourselves clear with the quant-pole—this is a thing the size of a biggish flagstaff, weighing half a ton. When it had been pulled out of the mud for us by a man in a passing rowing-boat, who threw it on board with great ease, as if it had been a walking stick—I suppose you develop a knack with the things after twenty or thirty years—we poled gracefully along until we came out into a beautiful big Broad.

I am making this sound simple on purpose. I don't want to harrow you too much. What you do with a quant-pole is shove one end into the river bed, lean on it, and walk along the boat until there isn't any more boat, then pull it out and start again. The trouble is that it doesn't like being pulled out, and what usually happens is that it sticks there and all you do is pull the boat back to where you started from. And I don't want to pretend,

either, that we got into this beautiful big Broad on purpose, because we didn't. I just happened to dash the sweat from my eyes and look up, and there it was—a wonderful expanse of clear blue water, with plenty of room for manoeuvre. That is what we had wanted all the time. It seemed the perfect place to get the sails up at last. The only snag was that there was no wind. But we didn't mind that. If we could just get the sails up once, even if we got them straight down again, that would be enough. At least we shouldn't have to confess to our friends that we had been for a sailing holiday and never even got the canvas out of its parcel.

So we bustled round and got on with it. I gave a few sharp, staccato orders, like 'Stand by to hoist', and 'Don't fall over the kettle', and it was really terrific—amazing: up went the sail as smoothly as you like. It was about the size of a football pitch, and if you can imagine a football pitch going up on end above a twenty-foot boat at the exact moment when half a gale springs up from nowhere, you will know just why we went across that Broad sideways on at about forty knots, and stuck on a mud-bank. The cabin table fell over and poured a potful of old tea into my spare shirt. Cups and saucers and vegetables flew about below decks like grapeshot. The crew and the wind both screamed, there was a sort of squelching thud, and that was that. We pulled all the ropes we could see until the sails came down again—it was like one of those obstacle races where you have to crawl under a tarpaulin. It seemed a long time before we saw each other again, and when we did we seemed to have absolutely nothing to say.

Getting us off was complicated. It took two motor-boats, three dinghies, about twenty fathoms of rope, a lot of patronising talk from the rescue party, and all the rest of the afternoon. That night we met a man in a pub who knew about getting water out of carburettors, and on Thursday we made the long voyage home. All of half a mile, it must have been. The man at the boatyard was quite surprised. 'You're not due in till Saturday', he said, 'haven't you made a mistake?' But we assured him that we hadn't. At any rate, not the one he meant.—*Home Service*

Patriarchs

1

Debenture holder of great flocks and folk,
Lavish Abraham, the undefeated:
Jacob your grandson wrestles.
Nerve and gut and sinew
Push with the sap of Sarah: she whose cockled face knew
Every patriarchal ploy of yours; each joke;
and loved your lies; looked mild;
But laughed when unexpected
Callers ate under terebinths, on trestles,
To foretell her real, her wriggling child.

2

This night is starless, quiet. Just a heave,
A grunt, a change of hold, and shuffling feet.
'Only one system, one true
Method—and that's guile',
Says Jacob to himself with a quick con man smile.
'Who need one fight but God? Others I can deceive'.
The angel sobs, quite lost,
Begging his freedom with sweet
Promises; till Jacob, hip askew,
Limps off at dawn; as always, at light cost.

3

Grandsire, your noble new idea, grown old,
Longed for Machpelah's cave. Charred, in an urn,
Your spine can rest. Your views,
Distant as Isaac's aim
Or Jacob's catchy wits, prove that although a prince came
Poorly dressed, who asked that all should suffer and told
Men to love,—so pricked
Are we and blessed in turn,
We live as if not knowing the Good News,
Expediently, still cheating and still tricked.

SHEILA WINGFIELD

Life and History

Reflections by SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

AS I set about to describe the impact of history on my development as... Here I stall. Development as—what? What am I? All my life... Here I stall again. On the threshold of this talk about myself, I hear the warnings of august advisers. Pascal utters his stern: 'The self is hateful'. Freud lays down his uncompromising 'All autobiographies are lies'. Sancho Panza, more leisurely, brings in a Spanish proverb: 'Put your affairs in council and some will say they are black and some will say they are white'. To which I feel inclined to add a doubt of my own: Is a man, any man, the best observer of his own self?

Reaction against Labels

So much for my second obstacle. As for my first, it springs from the very core of my subject. What is the impact of history on my development as... what? I have ever felt a strong reaction, amounting almost to an inner protest, whenever I have heard myself described as anything specific. I have been described as many a thing in succession: civil engineer; journalist; League of Nations official; diplomat; ambassador; critic; Oxford professor (this one has stuck for the rest of my life, though my span at Oxford lasted but three years); statesman; philosopher; novelist; dramatist; poet; historian. I shrink instinctively every time any one of these labels is hung round my neck by a friendly stranger.

How can this attitude be explained? Two causes suggest themselves. One is the ultra-individualistic reaction of the anarchical Spaniard to the neat, strongly socialised, central-European tendency to put a definite label on every man. The Spaniard knows that no social uniform will ever really fit him. When labelled 'professor' or 'poet', 'engineer' or 'historian', he therefore feels that an element of false pretences has stolen into the situation.

The other cause is my conception of authorship. Nowadays there is a strong tendency to consider authorship as a profession which one practises, and even as in other professions within the bounds of a particular speciality. I still remember the shock with which, several years ago, I read a review of one of my novels in which the reviewer, a distinguished novelist herself, contrasted my ways with those of 'practising novelists'. Such a verbal association would never have come to my mind. In my imagination there sprang up a whole Harley Street of practising novelists, specialised, of course, in social, adventurous, psychological, detective, historical, and what-not varieties of the novel. Away with all that. For me, authorship is not a profession, let alone a practice or a specialisation, but the inevitable outcome of a mind that has something to say; I should be tempted to call it a necessary evil; let me describe it as a necessary instrument, just as a church is to a faith or a sacristy to a church.

'He Who Is Nothing But'

At the centre there is a mind, busy with life; by no means a merely passive mind, letting himself be played upon by nature so as to bring forth his works as a harp would its melodies when played upon by the wind; but an active mind as well, and a will and plenty of interests. Now and then this all-round mind will express itself in action; and now and then in thought or in that kind of passionate thought or thoughtful passion we call poetry in the widest sense of the word; and this poetry may turn out to be such that people will call it philosophy or criticism, history or novel, essay or poem. I remember having once coined a somewhat cryptic dictum to express this view: He who is nothing but, is not even. So, for instance, he who is nothing but a poet is not even a poet.

Of all the labels that have been and are attached to me, that to which I feel least entitled is that of historian; though I also feel that it is perhaps to the case of the historian that my favourite

dictum applies most aptly: He who is nothing but a historian is not even a historian. History, after all, is the tale of human affairs, and no man who has not had a taste of human affairs can tell the true story which they both reveal and conceal. It was then just as well that I learnt history in life before I learnt it in books, and that I never was taught it, for I need not count the lessons I heard with a distracted ear and a wandering eye in Spanish and French secondary schools.

But wait a moment. Need I not count them? Perhaps yes in one respect: When passing from Spain to France I received my first lesson in historical relativity. For instance, in Spain I had learnt to condemn Francis I for having broken his word as set down in the Treaty of Madrid which enabled him to regain his liberty after a Spanish army had made him a prisoner of the King of Spain; but in France I was taught to admire his statesmanship for the very action seen in Spain as breach of faith.

Still, apart from this initiation in the foibles of national histories, I had gathered but little benefit in my schools when I began to learn history working for the League of Nations, first as an official in its Secretariat and later as First Delegate in its Council and its Assembly. I was then able to compare what was actually happening with what was told in the official papers and again with what was said in the press. In the circumstances it was inevitable that the sight of history in the making should at first, at any rate, have fostered a certain scepticism. History, I used to say then, is the most entertaining kind of fiction, economics being the dullest. And this was the somewhat cynical conclusion of a close observer of that Vanity Fair of world politics Geneva was in those days.

Through the Thronged Gates of Life

It was therefore through the thronged gates of life that I entered the hall of history. I was impressed but by no means abashed by my academic ignorance, which, indeed, I sometimes took a mischievous pleasure in exaggerating. When the University of Oxford offered me the Chair of Spanish Studies I accepted, thus entering into my fourth profession in sixteen years. I was soon after sitting at dinner in a college next to my unforgettable friend, as she became later, Lady Mary Murray; who, not unnaturally, asked me what I had done before becoming King Alfonso XIII Professor of Spanish Studies at Oxford.

'Madam', I answered, 'I studied in the highest school of mathematics in France, then in her highest school of mines, then I became the head of technical services in the biggest Spanish railway, then came to London to present Britain's case to the world of Spanish speaking countries during the Great War, then was appointed Director of Disarmament at the League of Nations... and here I am'. As a matter of fact, I had also published a couple of books on English and Spanish literature, but I do believe I forgot to mention them.

Lady Mary turned round and asked: 'But when did you study Spanish literature?'

'Well', I answered, 'you see, I didn't need it before, so I shall study it now in order to teach it'.

I hope I shall be forgiven for having fallen into such unholy frivolity in the temple of learning. Perhaps, after all, it was not as frivolous as it sounded. When all is said and done I had not asked to come to Oxford, nor did I ask to leave it three years later; for my appointment as Spanish Ambassador to the United States was in the newspapers before anyone had thought of asking me whether I would accept it or not. It is here that my doubts about man's powers of self-observation seem to be borne out by the facts. For it was the University of Oxford and not I who discovered my qualifications for a Chair of Spanish; and it was the Republican Government that took office on April 14, 1931, that observed my qualifications for an embassy better than I, who

had not observed them at all. Such was also the case of my real or imaginary gifts as a historian, which were in fact discovered by H. A. L. Fisher of New College, and by that grand old man of Spanish scholarship, Menéndez Pidal, before I ever thought of turning my mind to history.

It was because Fisher asked me, in fact commissioned me, to write a history of Spain for a London publisher that I had to study history from books after having seen it being born in life. I then became aware of the unsatisfactory nature of much of what generally passed then for history of Spain, particularly in England, not excluding, I am afraid, what Fisher himself had written on the subject. Nor was it only or mainly in matters of fact that I found that history left much to be desired; for the trouble comes from the light and the colour which the facts acquire when passing through the historian's mind.

So, for instance, Markham gives the keynote which many English historians will follow about the Inquisition in Spanish America: 'Terror, misery, sorrow, hatred and repulsion'. But the victims that paid with their lives in fact amounted to between sixty and ninety for the whole continent in three centuries; therefore less than one every three years; and the Inquisition, far from inspiring terror and repulsion, was a popular institution. Fisher again wrote in his *History of Europe* that 'there was no popular flowering of the painter's art in Spain'. What could I

make of such things? So that, in the end, I came to the conclusion put in a nutshell by a French ambassador to Spain: 'There is no history; there are only stories'.

A temporary conclusion, though. For it bears only on a particular case of a more general issue and how to tackle it. Does the multiplicity of views prove that there is no essential unity in what is being viewed? Personally, I do not think so. For those who see it from the north the hill is steep and bare wall; for those who see it from the south it is a green and gentle slope; east and west may offer yet entirely different aspects of the hill: but the hill in itself is there for all that. Despite the bias and shortcomings of national prejudices and philosophical or religious beliefs, we can guess human history as a massive movement of men and things under laws of its own not a whit less real for the fact that we can hardly catch more than fleeting glimpses of them. In this sense, history is one of the many lures of man, ever promising never satisfying, like happiness or perfection.

Strangely enough, it is perhaps this frustration inherent in all true history, and the full knowledge of its inevitability, which I do believe may have acted as the mainspring of my work even in other fields than history; for I feel that it endows mankind with that dignity which comes from struggling with stronger, larger, possibly higher forces: or, in other words, what saves history from triviality is that in its core it is a tragedy.

—Home Service

Cambridge after the First World War

By DENIS JOHNSTON

I AM one of that generation of schoolboys that just missed the first world war, but was old enough to be a little pal and hanger-on of its warriors when they came back to college from places with historic names like Plugstreet and Wipers—one of the oldest of that suspected group that used to be described as 'this dashed post-war generation'. We were disapproved of by our elders. 'What some of these young people need is a taste of my old sergeant-major', is one of the expressions that used to be bandied about. And although many of us have hoped, with the passing of the years, that we might eventually be looked on with a kindlier eye, I am afraid it must be recognised that we are still largely disapproved of; although nowadays it is by our offspring. We seem fated to be lectured. Indeed, I have little doubt that these few words in our defence will merely be used to prove that we deserve it.

College days can provide us with a convenient assembly-point at which we may examine any generation just before it starts to operate, and Cambridge has always tried to be more typical and less exotic than the other place. So Cambridge 1919 till about 1924 may perhaps be used as an early snapshot of many of us who are now in the middle fifties, whether or not we are allied to any particular shade of blue. If our younger days are now going to be regarded as a sort of period-piece—as I see them rapidly becoming—it would be nice to get some of the facts right before it is too late.

Mr. Evelyn Waugh and the late F. Scott Fitzgerald are, in the main, responsible for many of the current ideas about the roaring 'twenties—so called. But whatever may be said about the second half of that decade, their picture does not correspond with my recollection of the first half, the more formative half, of which I am now speaking, when the British Empire—if you will pardon the expression—was teetering on a summit, when entirely new means of expression such as broadcasting were first making their appearance, and when *Ulysses* was being denounced in *The Pink 'Un*.

Cambridge in those days was not a mad round of cocktails and laughter. *The Freshers' Don't* of 1919—a little pamphlet which I suppose is the best indication of the dangers that it was thought necessary to warn us against—does not, I notice, spend much time on the evils of drink or drugs, but does devote several of its pages to the risk of the landlady's daughter turning out to

be much cleverer than we are—a hazard, you will notice, that is concerned more with class than morals. So far as the 'high life' is concerned, all that *The Freshers' Don't* has to say is to comment on the difficulty of distinguishing burgundy from claret, and to implore us, if we are teetotallers, not to wear a blue ribbon. 'An obtruded virtue', it adds, 'is almost as objectionable as a vice'. You can hardly see any of this being directed at a community that is at all likely to be galloping down the primrose path.

The Oxford Group had appeared, but not the Oxford bag. And although Bertrand Russell occasionally addressed The Heretics in an upper room on Sunday evenings, I imagine that a good many of us were there because the cinemas were closed. As for charlestoning with flappers in cloche hats, that came along much later. I do not recollect that our ideal of feminine charm was a flat front, prominent knees, and a waistline below the pelvis. I think that she would be much better described as a successor to the Gibson girl, known as the Harrison Fisher girl, whose portraits appeared on the cover of a magazine called *Nash's*—a magazine that used to be considered a little fast by our aunts and uncles. Actually, there were some aspects of the period that could be used against it with much better effect than anything to be gathered from plays like 'The Vortex'. There was the plus-four—then in its deplorable heyday. And, of course, the 'cupie' doll.

At Cambridge, the field of English scholarship was dominated by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, and the foundations of the New Criticism were being laid somewhere in the lower levels of his department. In astronomy, Eddington was arguing out the nature of time and the physical world; while he who became later Lord Keynes was just as active in the sphere of political economy, describing to us in terrifying terms the economic consequences of the peace. The fact that some informed opinion since those days has taken the line that each one of them was totally wrong in some important details did not distract from the excitement of the moment, and we had great pleasure in listening to all of them, whether or not they had any connection with our own particular Triposes.

But, of course, it is not really for the sake of associating with the dons that one goes to a place like Cambridge. It is to meet the undergraduates who one imagines are going to be one's friends

and enemies in the greater world that is to follow. I used to sit in the Union Society and hear the same remark being constantly repeated by distinguished visitors—that here were assembled, not so many undergraduates, but the statesmen, the lawyers, the publishers, the writers, and the business and professional leaders of the future—of the nineteen-fifties, in fact. And I used to look at those faces around me and wonder if it was true, and, if so, which was which? We used to laugh at it at the time, and perhaps now it is appropriate for us to laugh at it again—but in a different way. Because, although I suppose it has turned out to be true, it has not happened in the way that might have been anticipated. By this, I do not mean that any surprising changes have come over any of us as we have got older—developments of personality that have catapulted this nonentity into fame and left that spectacular genius languishing as a burnt-out rocket: quite the opposite.

As far as one can judge from the course of public events, few of us have changed very much from what we were like in the early 'twenties, and the fact that some have been selected for public attention while others have not, has more to do with the peculiarities of the 'forties and the 'fifties than with us. For instance, the fact that only two or three of our members seem to have achieved Cabinet rank in the world of politics may partly be explained by the fact that so many of the operators in this field were then eccentric enough to call themselves Liberals, at a time that was destined to prove unseasonable for either peace or retrenchment, and when that party itself was conspicuously poor at getting its members into parliament. Yet I have here a pamphlet produced in 1920 by the first of the political clubs to get going after the war—the Liberal Club—most of the recommendations of which, I am interested to see, have since been carried out; but not by Liberals. What has happened to the recommenders is not so easy to discover.

No: the surprising thing is not how much we change, but what Peter Pans we are. And the question as to whether we operate afterwards in a big or in a small, in a public or in a private, way is as much decided by the temper of the times as by ourselves. The products, rather than the personalities are unpredictable, and while those youthful faces have since turned into the expected rota of judges, journalists, bishops, and even a couple of kings, it is much more of a shock to catalogue some of the 'things' that this particular group has come out with. Not the real things that nobody in our lifetime can assess, but the popular and notorious things that everybody knows about—like the Education Act, and the assault landing-craft, the Queen's Coronation dress, and most of the best-known photographs of the upper class.

Who would have expected these? And what else is there? Well, in literature I suppose we must list *The Good Companions* and *Goodbye Mr. Chips*—not *Sinister Street*, but

Shangri-La! Not a great deal on the stage—we had no O.U.D.S.—but plenty of *avant-garde* cinema. I can think of very little poetry—most of that seems to have come from the other place, although I do believe that we may claim the nightingale that sang in Berkeley Square. And in music, who would have expected the Lambeth Walk to be the best-known expression of our talent?

This all might be described as functional rather than aesthetic. Where are the philosophers, the talkers, the eccentrics? While we split the atom and still keep on winning the Boat Race, who is being published in the little reviews and undertaking the lecture tours in the United States? You see what I mean when I say that we do not change our skins as we grow up; and our skins are there when we are twenty-one. What could be more functional than the last feature of Cambridge in the early 'twenties that I want to mention—the organised rag?

The undergraduate of those days—maybe thanks to the training so many of them got in the previous war—was not only amusing in his rags; he was also ingenious. There was, for example, the incident of a certain German piece of artillery that was presented by the War Office to Jesus College without any similar recognition of the services of Caius. One evening this weapon was spirited away from the closed confines of Jesus into an inner courtyard of Caius, where it was found next morning decorated with the College colours and its wheels removed, thus making its return to its proper owners almost impossible. The fact that this feat was performed through several locked gates and a six-foot iron railing, that the gun was lighted on its way through the streets to conform with the traffic regulations, and that all the gates were relocated and the railings restored to their previous condition after the outrage had been completed, shows—I think—the Cambridge rag at its best and most admirable form. The men who did it—who they were I know not—probably lived on to give their talents many years later to the training of the Commandos. At any rate, I like to think so.

There were other incidents, such as the ceremonial opening of the underground public convenience on Market Hill, as a parody of the discovery of Tutankh-Amen's tomb. Out of this was taken a most amusing collection of objects, culminating in Tutankh-Amen himself—a life-sized wooden Scotsman called Phineas, well known in the Tottenham Court Road as the mascot of University College, London. Finally, we had that forerunner of the sit-down strike—the Cambridge University Pavement Club—when on fine Saturday mornings the greater part of the student body would sit down in the street at an arranged hour, and play marbles and card games as a demonstration against the rush of modern life.

It was in matters such as this that we were disapproved of by our elders, and I dare say they were technically right. If we were not, as a rule, imitated by our juniors—well that, I suppose, makes it easier for the Progs. But I, for one, offer no apology for having been a member of the Pavement Club.—*Home Service*

Lilies that Are Easy to Grow

By F. H. STREETER

FROM the days of ancient Greece lilies have been loved by gardeners, and I think every garden should grow a few of them. Most people have seen those long white rows of *Lilium Candidum* (the Madonna lily), stretching from the gate to the front door of a cottage garden, right on the edge of the path and flowering at this time of the year. The bulbs are almost on top of the ground and often become baked after flowering. Year after year they go on, though, never failing. August is the month to plant *Candidum*, only just covering its nose with soil.

Another old favourite is *Tigrinum Splendens*, the Tiger lily. One of the easiest to grow now, this variety *Splendens* is a much richer coloured one than the others in this group. The flowers are a bright orange-red with purple spots. It is about the last lily to bloom, too. In suitable conditions it will grow to a height of six feet, although in small gardens where it is not often disturbed the flowers are borne on about three to four foot stems. It thrives best in a medium loam, but is not too particular as to soil. Once you start a group they will go on increasing rapidly. The Tiger

lily is easily propagated by the little black bulbils which form in the axils of the leaves. Plant these in the autumn by sowing them in a box of sand.

One of the most popular lilies of recent years is *Lilium Regale*. This is a wonderful lily for all-round purposes, with its funnel-shaped blooms six inches long, wine coloured outside, white to canary yellow inside. It will grow almost anywhere and it forces well in pots for the house. If your soil is on the heavy side you will not have the slightest trouble in growing them if you only give a little peat or leaf soil—that is what these lilies love, as all lilies do. Do not give any manure at the roots, as that will make the stems too long and cause the large trumpet flowers to droop over and perhaps bring in disease.

I have crossed this variety with another called G. C. Creelman. The flowers in this cross are larger with lovely markings—*Regale* and G. C. Creelman. This lily is easily raised from seed sown as soon as it is ripe and flowers the second season.

—From a talk in the Home Service

NEWS DIARY

August 6-12

Wednesday, August 6

The Prime Minister flies to Athens for talks with the Greek Prime Minister on the future of Cyprus

President Eisenhower states that he will go to New York for special session of U.N. General Assembly, summoned to discuss situation in the Middle East, if it were found necessary or desirable

Iron and Steel Board states that development in the industry is slowing down

Thursday, August 7

The Security Council meets to consider the Russian request for a special meeting of the General Assembly

The Washington Court of Appeal annuls the conviction of Arthur Miller, the playwright, for contempt of Congress

The sum of £1,750,000 for which an appeal was made to repair the ancient buildings of Oxford University is raised after thirteen months

Friday, August 8

U.N. General Assembly meets in special session to discuss the Middle East

President Eisenhower decorates captain and crew of the American submarine *Nautilus* which sailed under the North Pole

Saturday, August 9

The Prime Minister arrives in Ankara to discuss Cyprus with the Turkish leaders. A communiqué published in Athens states that the British and Greek Prime Ministers had full and frank discussions but that their views had not altogether coincided

Thirty-five people are killed when an airliner of Central African Airways crashes near Benghazi on its way to London

Sunday, August 10

The discussions between British and Turkish Prime Ministers in Ankara are concluded

Mr. Murphy, President Eisenhower's special representative in the Middle East, sees the British Foreign Secretary at Chequers on his way from Athens back to the United States

Monday, August 11

Prime Minister visits Cyprus

Mr. Khrushchev sends letter to Mr. Macmillan defending his attitude to 'summit' conference

Tuesday, August 12

Some American Marines are withdrawn from Lebanon

Prime Minister holds Cabinet meeting on return from Cyprus

Princess Margaret returns from her visit to Canada



The American nuclear-powered submarine *Nautilus* which, on August 8, had just completed an underwater voyage beneath the North Pole. The 1,800-mile journey through an uncharted route under days. Inset: Commander W. R. Anderson, the captain of the decorated for his feat with the Legion of Merit by President White House, Washington, on August 8.



Lord Bracken of Christchurch who died on August 9 at the age of fifty-seven. As Mr. Brendan Bracken he was Minister of Information in Sir Winston Churchill's wartime Cabinet, a post he retained until the break-up of the Coalition Government when he became First Lord of the Admiralty in the 'Caretaker' administration. Created a viscount in 1952, he was also a prominent figure in business and financial journalism; he was for several years managing director of *The Economist*, and was chairman of the *Financial News* and of the *Financial Times*.



Last Sunday a service was held in Westminster Abbey to mark the Lambeth Conference. In this photograph bishops from many countries are seen in procession through the Great Cloister on their way to the service.



Mrs. Golda Meir, the Israeli Foreign Minister, who visited London early this week for talks with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, photographed with him outside his residence



Last week, in a further effort to re-establish peace in Cyprus, Mr. Harold Macmillan, accompanied by Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Cyprus, flew to Athens and Ankara for separate discussions with the Greek and Turkish Prime Ministers. On his way home on August 11, Mr. Macmillan paid an unexpected visit to Cyprus, where he met the leaders of both communities. This photograph shows the Prime Minister with Brigadier Read, commanding the thirty-second Infantry Brigade, during a visit to the forces engaged in anti-terrorist operations in the Famagusta area



Yachts in the National Swallow class taking part in a race on August 7 during Cowes Week in the Isle of Wight



Mr. T. Llew Jones (centre) a schoolmaster, being escorted to the platform after being chosen as this year's Bard at the Welsh National Bisteddfod at Ebbw Vale on August 7



Herb Elliot, the Australian runner, breasting the tape in Santry Stadium, Dublin, on August 6 after setting up a new world record for the mile in the time of 3 minutes, 54.5 seconds—2.7 seconds faster than the previous record set up by Derek Ibbotson of Britain last year. The following day Albert Thomas of Australia broke the record for the two miles

The Inala

A tale from the western Pacific by D. C. HORTON

YOU know how it is that some places appeal to you more than others? That is the way I felt about Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands: many things happened to me there, some grave, and some gay and absurd, but in those days, twenty years ago, there was no place in which I would rather be.

Marau Sound at the southern end was a particularly lovely spot. The mountain range, which ran the length of the island and was between 4,000 and 8,000 feet in height, stopped abruptly at Marau and the ground fell sharply in a series of giant steps down to the sea. Then out from the land there ran a reef which enclosed the islands of the sound—small islands, all forested, some with gardens on them, some with fishermen's huts, and one called Malapa which was famous throughout the Solomons because it was the place to which the spirits of the dead went immediately after death; and there, too, in the priest's house, were the skulls of great warriors of the past which were venerated for their *mana*. *Mana* was an island word for the spirit which watched over the fortunes of a clan or family in that clan, and it could be built up in many ways—usually in the old days by head hunting, so that the *mana* of the person killed would go into the *mana* of the family which had done the killing.

Some of the spirits travelled to Malapa in a ghostly canoe and they and all other spirits had to pass a guardian who tested the lobes of their ears with a pointed stick to see if they were pierced. If the lobes had not been pierced they were denied entry. The ghosts who were admitted rested on Malapa for some time and were tended by the priest before they went on their final journey to the land of ghosts.

Living on Malapa, too, was a famous old man, the Inala of Marau Sound. I suppose that the nearest English translation of Inala is to say that it means a medium. I had heard something about the powers of these people when I was on Malaita. I remembered the district officer telling me about one particular case in which there was clear evidence of telepathy. It happened in 1927, and in those days the Malaita people were still very wild and, generally speaking, the power of government had not spread far on the island. In fact, the people thought that if they got rid of the district officer and his staff there would be no more government and they could revert to their old wicked ways with impunity: they had no idea that there was a central government in Tulagi and that Malaita was only one of several districts. Matters came to a head when the omens told Basiana, the chief priest of the Sinerango people, that the time was ripe for the killing of the district officer and his staff; and so when

they came to collect tax from his people they were murdered.

That happened at 11 a.m. on October 4, 1927, and at exactly that time, some hundred miles to the north, a government medical dresser was told by the local Inala that the murders were taking place. There was absolutely no possibility of the Inala having been given the news earlier: the murders had only been decided on that morning, the Inala had never been to Sinerango and did not know any

buffeting we had had from the great seas outside the reef.

I thought I would like to see the Inala, and so I went over after tea on the day we had got in, and took with me the bosun of our ship, who came from Marau. We walked up the little beach to the priest's house. He was sitting outside mending a net, and greeted us in dialect when we asked for the Inala. He told us that he lived on the other side of the island, and we went on over to see him. The Inala was a very old man sitting quietly in the last rays of the sun looking out over the water to where the surf broke on the reef. The bosun greeted him for me and I gave him some trade tobacco which was a great favourite in the islands.

'Ask him if everything is all right with him', I said.

The Inala spoke slowly in reply. 'He says he is all right, but tired', translated the bosun.

The old man spoke again. 'He says he is glad to see you because his spirit will soon leave him and come here to Malapa for a short time before going on to his fathers'.

Then it occurred to me to ask whether he could tell me anything about my own future. The war clouds were gathering in Europe and I wondered what would happen to us in the next few years. The bosun put the question to him. For a long time there was no reply. I looked more closely in the gathering dusk: the old man had gone into a meditation so deep that we had gone from his conscious mind. A little breeze began to stir and the noise of the reef seemed to have increased. Then from the shadows where the Inala was sitting came a voice

—it was clear but seemed disembodied. It went on for a little while and then there was silence.

The bosun turned to me. 'He says he is troubled for you—he cannot say exactly what will happen to you but you will be near death two times soon. He will send his spirit to keep you safe'.

The combination of the old man's obvious sincerity and darkness and the surroundings had made a deep impression on me, and for that evening at any rate I felt subdued.

The next day we left for my headquarters and there was so much to do that the episode went out of my mind. The first signs of the war were beginning to reach the Pacific, and we were trying with our meagre forces to make defensive arrangements for the enormous area of the Solomons. As a result I had to spend a good deal of my time away from the station. It was some time in June 1941 that I came back from a long walk in the bush and was relaxing for a few days when one night I was woken by a hammering on my bedroom door.

'What is it?' I called out.



Sinerango people, and it was impossible to communicate in any way by smoke signals or drums.

But at the time I am talking about we had just come back from a rough voyage down to the islands of Rennel and Bellona, which were part of the district although they lay about a hundred miles to the south. They were unique—Rennel in particular. It was an atoll about thirty miles long which had been thrown up from the sea in past time so that it now had cliffs well above sea level, and the old lagoon had become a lake ten miles long. It was the most easterly of the outposts of Polynesia, and very interesting owing to its isolation and the preservation of some of the ancient customs and rituals of the Polynesians. We had had a difficult time trying to get ashore on Bellona, for its people were hostile because they did not want any disease brought in and were not convinced by the fact that we had been in quarantine before going there. All in all, we were glad of the quiet water of the sound and the lovely clear places where we could have a swim and relax after the

'It's Silas, master. Devil devil catch Johnny along head. Now me fella fright. You come, master. . . .'

Johnny and Silas were my two servants and lived in a leaf house near mine.

'Oh, all right'. I was thoroughly disgruntled at being hauled out of bed at that hour, and while I was putting on some clothes I told Silas to go and get the corporal and two constables and ask Eroni, my Fijian doctor, to come along. Then I went across to the servants' house. There was a feeble light from an oil lamp and when I went in there was Johnny, standing rigid in the centre of the room, glaring into the dark.

'What's the matter, Johnny?' I said, going towards him.

'Master', he gasped out, 'a devil want for kill me . . .'. He had begun to pant and drip sweat. I saw he was wearing his knife and wished that the corporal and his men would hurry up. Johnny's eyes swung round towards me. 'Master, this devil go for you'—and with that he sprang straight at me, pulling out his knife. As he crashed into me I grabbed for the knife and we wrestled furiously. He was strong at any time, but his fever had unleashed quite awful power in him, and I was thrown about like a leaf. At one moment he got his arm free and the knife went through my shirt. There was a sharp, burning pain; the next moment the corporal and his men burst into the hut and grabbed Johnny, but it took them all their time to hold him and it was not until the doctor had arrived and given him an injection that he quietened down and finally went to sleep. The

knife fortunately had only cut the skin over my ribs.

The Inala had been right at least once: an inch more to the left and there would have been no chance to see what happened on the next occasion.

Meanwhile work was piling up and alarms and excursions were frequent. Everyone was seeing mysterious craft. Submarines popped up whenever floating logs were sighted and slowly the Solomons got themselves ready for a long struggle. The radio transmitter rather tied me to the station, and apart from one or two urgent visits to the mountains to settle disputes, I had to find my exercise nearby, and it was during that time that my friend Eroni introduced me to the gentle art of turtle spearing. The first thing I had to learn was to stand upright and perfectly still on an outrigger canoe with a spear poised to throw immediately the turtle put up his nose to breathe. As that happened about once in twenty minutes and for only a few seconds you had to be very quick, and after a while I realised that I was too clumsy and relegated myself to the paddle.

Eroni was skilful and almost always hit the turtle. But that was not the end of it. The turtle would go down to the bottom, and he would have to go after it sometimes as much as thirty feet down, turn it over on its back, grab its flippers and swim up to the surface. As you can imagine, it needed a strong man and an expert swimmer to do that. One evening Eroni had followed a turtle down and was very slow in coming up. I paddled closer as I saw him

drifting up, and was right by him when he broke surface holding the turtle. Then he fainted, and I grabbed him and the turtle, falling into the water at the same time.

Luckily the crew of our district boat were nearby in the dinghy and they headed for us. One of them, who was in the bow, dived straight in and made for us at top speed, splashing furiously. The dinghy surged up and the crew leant over and grabbed—not us—oh, no—but the turtle: they were not going to lose their supper for anything. Then we were pulled in and the noise and shouting going on penetrated my consciousness just as the man who had dived in after us was hauled in, kicking away a shark which banged against the dinghy in his frustration. He had saved our lives; he had seen the shark coming after us and by distracting its attention and risking his own life, he had made it possible for the boat's crew to get the heavy dinghy there in time.

Eroni soon recovered. He said the turtle had been very deep and he had run out of breath. But when I told him about the shark, he just grinned and said we were lucky, and next day he was out again after turtle.

So that was twice that the Inala had been right, and by the way the war was going I thought it would not be long before the gods would amuse themselves at my expense once again—and perhaps I would not be so lucky next time.

The Inala died soon afterwards, but I like to think that his spirit continues to look after my interests until this day.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Church and Divorce

Sir,—The discussion between Canon Fitzgerald and the solicitor on marriage-dissolution (THE LISTENER, August 7) had a curious unreality; the difference between them is not whether the married state should ever be ended, but between ending it by divorce or by annulment. The solicitor did not seem to have adequately briefed himself when he accused the Church of rigidity. Why did not the Canon himself mention that though his Church does not allow 'divorce', it does allow far more causes for *annulment* (which has the same effect) than the law does for divorce? Canon Fitzgerald said: 'A valid sacramental marriage can never be dissolved', without adding that there are a great many marriages which are (often many years later) decided to have been not sacramental or valid or binding, and can therefore be annulled. He might have listed a few of the causes for annulment, such as the lack of free assent, wrong intentions (e.g. the intention to practise birth control), the celebration of a mixed marriage in a heretical church (there is occasional dispensation for this, but never if the wedding rites include a nuptial mass), and so on.

The annulment rules are rather obscure to most laymen, and the process is expensive. But Canon Fitzgerald ought to have begun by saying: 'I am here to defend the indissolubility

of marriage, but a great number of weddings are not, in the eyes of the Church, marriages, and can be ended as absolutely as by divorce'. The discussion would then have seemed more real. At it was, the lawyer gave the impression of being not fully informed, the Canon of being rather casuistical.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

LISTENER

Sir,—I think many people will feel the tragic absurdity of a humanitarian lawyer propounding excellent sense about divorce, opposed by a devout priest who has to defend the clerical but unchristian law of the indissolubility of marriage. The key to the whole of this unhappy question is surely the word 'law', and the belief that God himself has laid down certain arbitrary laws which must not be broken; hence that he approves the untold misery resulting from his judicial acts, misery which—in his omniscience—he would have known would come about.

The great human jurists have, I believe, always preached that laws are worthless—and indeed indefensible—if imposed without the consent of the governed. As all the Christian Churches hold that God has given us free will, he clearly cannot wish to stand in relation to us as a governor or law-giver, as this would involve moral coercion. The most that he might be expected to do would be to suggest general principles of moral conduct, which was—unless

I am mistaken—what Christ so wisely and humanely did, tempering even these by the joint doctrines of love and forgiveness. 'Divine law', says Father Slater, 'is that which is enacted by God and made known to man through revelation'. Unfortunately, the nature and validity of such revelation depends entirely upon the dicta of the all too human and fallible founding fathers—those of some Churches disagreeing with Rome. So we have the sorry spectacle of boundless human havoc being caused by the anti-divorce Churches asseverating under the umbrella of 'laws' which ancient—and sometimes demonstrably pathological—theologians have framed, arrogantly believing them to be God's laws. Such laws could only be anathema to the Christ we know from the Gospels, and have been anathema to true Christians ever since.—Yours, etc.,

LONDON, W.1 CHARLES H. GIBBS-SMITH

Sir,—Many non-Roman Catholics will agree with Canon Fitzgerald that successful marriage and all Christian marriage needs the help of God; we do not agree that marriage or the marriage ceremony is a sacrament. Will Canon Fitzgerald please inform us whether in the event of a marriage contracted in a Protestant Church, or by a purely civil ceremony, being subsequently dissolved and one of the parties becoming converted to Roman Catholicism, such

a person can be married in a Roman Catholic Church? The answer to this question will indicate whether the essence of permanence lies in the marriage or in the marriage ceremony.

The attitude towards divorce in the Roman Catholic and Protestant Free Churches is in contrast to their attitude towards other social problems such as gambling and alcohol. In the former church gambling is a frequent source of considerable income, in the latter the small raffle is banned. This is because the Free Churches emphasise the truth taught by Paul, and we believe by Jesus, too, that goodness is not a legal system but an application of principle and motive. For this reason we believe that Christian conduct will vary from age to age as the constant motive of 'love' (New Testament love) is applied to different situations.

Yours, etc.,

Blackpool

R. A. LETCH

The Bases of American Foreign Policy

Sir,—May I ask Mr. Philip Mosely (THE LISTENER, July 31) to give the figures which would prove his statement that 'today Moscow's economic development programmes in the underdeveloped areas are not much smaller than those of the United States'. Which programmes? Between what dates? In what countries? How much smaller?

From a professor and member of the editorial board of *Foreign Affairs*—and for the Third Programme—one expects details—and precise ones.—Yours, etc.,

Bentley

DONALD MCLACHLAN

How Can Germany Help Europe?

Sir,—Mr. Pritt's talk, 'How Can Germany Help Europe?' (THE LISTENER, July 31), has only just come to my notice, and I hope it is not too late to offer one or two observations.

However much one may admire Mr. Pritt's grasp of the German situation and however deeply one may sympathise with his anxiety over the difficulties besetting the Adenauer Government, it is, nevertheless, a pity that he has, not for the first time, allowed the general validity of his picture to be impaired by overstatements which testify to personal animus rather than to objective judgment.

His *bête noire* is undoubtedly Herr Hans Zehrer, the distinguished writer and editor of the Hamburg newspaper *Die Welt*, as can be seen from the fact that all Mr. Pritt's German undesirables of a nationalist complexion are lumped together under the label 'the Zehrer's'. They are characterised as 'political castaways whose contributions to a miserable German past have evidently not taught them the appropriate lessons', a description which may fit the cap of some, but certainly not of the alleged prototype (the same, I should have thought, is true of Herr Ernst Juenger, another of Mr. Pritt's Guilty Men).

Mr. Pritt's bias is, however, most strongly in evidence and misleading when he summarises and comments on a recent full-page article by Zehrer in *Die Welt*, entitled 'Have We Really Lived Our Lives?' It is indeed an important document, surveying as it does the historical role of that generation to which Zehrer, now a near-sexagenarian, himself belongs, nay, a fascinating document in its subtle blend of autobiographical overtones and moral and historical analysis.

Reading Mr. Pritt's travesty of a summary, one might easily infer that this article exhibits all the unredeemed and escapist romanticism of which only an inveterate German nationalist is capable. In point of fact, Zehrer devotes more than two thirds of his article to a subject which is taboo for most Germans—the question of German guilt. Not only is he emphatic on the guilt of the generation of Germans with which he identifies himself up to the hilt: he has but scorn for the German search for scapegoats and the establishment of moral and political alibis and urges his compatriots to face up to the facts of their recent history, that history of which they themselves were the makers. Yet Mr. Pritt, ignoring what constitutes in bulk and emphasis the main burden of the article, sees fit to remark: 'He did not point out that it was this generation which helped, however unwittingly, to ruin Europe'. To my mind, Zehrer's article represents one of the most impressive and encouraging statements on the German guilt problem.

As to the photographs which have given such offence to Mr. Pritt's susceptibilities, it is strange that he should have omitted the fact that the Nazi storm-trooper is preceded by a hardly less 'heroic' communist in his paramilitary uniform. What is more important: these photographs are apt to drive home the same lesson as the article—the idealistic German *Wandervogel*, if he did survive the first world war, emerges from the second world war as a miserable prisoner, an utterly demoralised human wreck, and—this is the article's message—he can redeem himself only if he bravely shoulders the historical guilt that is inescapably his own. Has not Mr. Pritt in previous talks denounced the German habit of imitating the ostrich and taking refuge in the vacuum of *Geschichtslosigkeit*?

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.1

MARTIN BRAUN

The Problem of the Conurbations

Sir,—Professor Myles Wright argues that:

(1) 'Short distance decentralisation is a success', whereas long-distance decentralisation has failed; (2) Overspill will *therefore* have to be rehoused close to the parent cities; (3) To plan this rationally regional planning authorities are required.

This is pure sophistry. The fact that long-distance decentralisation has so far achieved relatively little success does not mean that the policy should be abandoned. There is no logical connection between what is and what ought to be. Regional planning authorities are urgently required—on this few planners would disagree. But their aim should be to restrict the growth of conurbations, not to encourage it.

Professor Myles Wright does not ask the most important question: why has long-distance overspill failed? The short answer to this is that no adequate administrative machinery exists.

'Overspill New Towns' have been started only in the London and Glasgow regions. It is officially stated that no more new towns will be started 'in the foreseeable future'. Thus, long-distance overspill is left to a local government machinery inherently unsuited to the task. A history of the negotiations undertaken by the conurbation authorities to obtain overspill sites would make sorry reading. Even where the negotiations have finally had a 'successful' outcome the relief obtained by the exporting

authorities has been out of all proportion to the time and effort involved.

It has become apparent that overspill is not simply a matter of dumping the surplus population of the big cities in new or expanded towns. The needs of the receiving areas must receive priority consideration—and these needs often do not 'match' the needs of the exporting areas. The result is that the expansion of a country town by, say, 20,000 people may relieve the exporting authority of only 10,000 people and possibly no industry at all.

In view of this, is it surprising that the local authorities of congested areas prefer to develop satellites—which may at some future date be absorbed by boundary extensions?

A further problem is occasioned by the inability of the small country towns to join battle with the Board of Trade for new industry. Many ideal overspill schemes have been killed by the refusal of the Board of Trade to allow industrial development. Of course the Board has other problems to consider than those of the small towns with no unemployment. But the long-distance overspill of population can be successful only if industrial development is permitted (and indeed encouraged) in the receiving areas.

Many other factors could be mentioned—the expensive subsidisation of high flats which few families want; the shortage of technical staff in the small potential receiving authorities; the power of the 'agricultural lobby'; the lack of control over vacated industrial sites; and so on. While the Ministry of Housing and Local Government maintains its present 'sitting on the fence' attitude long-distance overspill will continue to go ahead only at a snail's pace.

What is needed is the creation of Development Teams (possibly for areas rather than for single towns) coupled with a drastic change in the present government policy of non-intervention. These teams could be set up as part of the Regional Planning machinery.

Professor Myles Wright's statement that 'we must now accept that the conurbations will tend to grow and that most of their overspill will have to be rehoused close to the parent cities' is an acceptance of a *status quo* which is entirely indefensible.—Yours, etc.,

Manchester

J. B. CULLINGWORTH

Evolution in Action

Sir,—Professor Darlington (THE LISTENER, July 31), describes with great clarity two of the many theoretically possible varieties of heredity—a 'slightly soft' variety which is changed by its environment and therefore palatable to human sentiment, though alas, unsupported by evidence; and a 'hard' variety (whose genes are the 'hardest form of life') which is unchanged by its environment and therefore unpalatable to human sentiment, though alas supported by evidence.

What, amongst other things, he does not make clear, is the nature of the diamantine force that has changed the hard gene of the amoeba into the still harder gene of Man.

Is he delicately hinting that genes may be Leibnizian monads who are fighting to reach the Archetypal Idea of Man and that the nigher they get to 'God' the harder they become, until eventually they shape their environment instead of being shaped by it?—Yours, etc.,

Petersfield

RICHARD HOPE

Sir,—If Professor C. D. Darlington (*THE LISTENER*, July 31) believes that genes do not change but are only reshuffled, how does he account for evolutionary progress? Professor Julian Huxley, another Darwinian, believes that future human evolution will be not physical but psychical. That is, Professor Huxley believes there will be qualitative change rather than a quantitative change. If the change is not in the genes, where will it be? And if there is no change in kind in the genes, how can there be progress as distinct from mere variation? And if given that the nature of genes is constant and that there is progress, how does progress begin and continue except through acquired characteristics which become inherent and hereditary? Considering the tangle the orthodox scientists are in, it would seem that Lysenko was clearer-headed after all and that the opponents of vitalism ought to put that in their pipe and smoke it.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7

HENRY ADLER

Sir,—In last week's *LISTENER* a correspondent wrote that he imagined Bergson's *Evolution Créatrice* was now forgotten. No one who read it could ever forget its magic. When published in 1916 that remarkable book made a profound impression. I introduced it to many during the first world war. It was unique in that it was written by a man who was a philosopher and whose literary style was so clear and so beautiful that many pages read as if he were also a poet. He had studied biology and investigated the provinces of instinct and intelligence as no one had ever done before. The final pages of his chapter III should be read and re-read by every young man today. If the student follows then Bergson's later book on *The True Sources of Morality and Religion* he will be equipped to deal with the depressing atmosphere of this modern world.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

AGNES SAVILL

The English Civil War

Sir,—Your interesting review of Mr. George Yule's useful book on *The Independents in the English Civil War* prompts me to some reflections on the state of Civil War studies in this country. On the eve of the war, early in 1642, the Royalist Hopton accused his colleagues in the House of Commons of condemning the King on as little evidence as would serve to hang a man for stealing a horse. Leaving aside the illumination which Hopton thus unintentionally threw on seventeenth-century justice, are not both sides (or all sides) in the great controversy over the gentry trying to make out a case on less evidence than, even in the Stuart age, would have served to hang a man for stealing a horse? We simply do not know enough, and I doubt if we ever shall know enough, to divide the combatants in the Civil War according to their economic background and social standing. The economic facts which it is possible to establish can never be more than a fraction of those that existed at the time. Even so, these facts are almost always susceptible of more than one interpretation—witness the anger with which one honest historian will contest the equally honest conclusions of a colleague when they differ from his own.

Again, the necessity to argue a case inevitably distorts the outlook of the participants in the conflict. Can even the most honourable and

painstaking historian so strictly watch himself as to prevent the desire to find out the truth from being metamorphosed into the desire to put Professor Dash and Dr. Blank in the wrong? A controversy as bitter as that now raging about the causes of the Civil War puts a very great strain on scholarly integrity.

In the United States seventeenth-century students have on the whole been less deluded by the will o' the wisp of economic causes, and it is not surprising that the two most important books on the Civil War epoch during the last twenty years have come from America. I mean, first, Professor William Haller's *Liberty and Reformation in the Puritan Revolution*. This illuminating and comprehensive guide to the evolution of religious and political ideas and groups during the war years is something to which every serious student of the epoch should constantly refer. It appeared in 1955, and Mr. Yule, whose book on the Independents has apparently been in the press since 1954, was evidently unable to use it though it is highly relevant to his subject. The other important book is Professor J. H. Hexter's *Reign of King Pym*, in which he analyses the political measures, the groupings and re-groupings of the House of Commons under Pym's leadership in close relevance to the day-to-day pressure of events. Professor Hexter's book is based on his Harvard thesis, which also covers the leadership of Vane after Pym's death. I had the privilege of consulting this typescript last year, and I wish that Professor Hexter may one day find the time to develop and publish the second half of his early work, as he has done the first half.

In this country surely too much energy is being wasted over facts which are insufficient to support the huge argument now raging over them. Meanwhile other facts, and other lines of inquiry, are neglected. Foreign policy—a major contributory cause of the Civil War—has been almost left out of account since S. R. Gardiner died. Who has emphasised or even noticed that the vital significance of the Independent leader Vane was his skilful handling of foreign policy throughout the whole dangerous period of the war? Again, the Civil War was sparked off by the Irish Rebellion. Should not someone make an exhaustive survey of the relations, direct or indirect, of the English gentry with Ireland? This would yield some interesting and some relatively 'hard' evidence. It might also explain some puzzling factors in the alignment of parties.

The virtue of Mr. Yule's book was his accumulation of facts about the Independents, while his conclusions remained tentative. More facts and less theorising, more evidence and fewer conclusions, are what we now need. Then we may begin to understand something of what really happened.

London, N.W.8

C. V. WEDGWOOD

How I Found Fun in Soviet Russia

Sir,—When reading Mr. Faubion Bowers' report of how he found fun in Russia (*THE LISTENER*, July 31) I perceived that the author is greatly mistaken regarding the person of Paul Abraham and his operetta 'The Ball at the Savoy'.

Paul Abraham is not a Russian composer. He was born in Hungary in 1892 and, after having studied at the Academy of Music in Budapest, went to Germany, where he wrote most of his

world-famous operettas in the years before the Nazi régime, among them 'The Ball at the Savoy', which was performed in 1932.

One year later Abraham had to go into exile and, via Vienna and Paris, finally settled in New York, where he also spent the war.

As his music, however, did not agree with the American public's taste he lived there under miserable conditions and, by the end of the war, had fallen ill with a grave mental disease. He did not return to Germany until 1955, when friends of his supplied him with the money necessary for the passage. He is now living in a Hamburg hospital.—Yours, etc.,

Kiel

LAESELLOTTE BROSEN

Sir,—Having read in *THE LISTENER* of July 31 the talk by Mr. Faubion Bowers about his search for fun in Russia, I was surprised that he made no mention of the circus.

When in Moscow myself in June last, the performance there was, in my view, quite the best of its kind both as regards acts, costumes, production, and fine music. The place was packed, and our party (twenty-eight tourists) with seats at 15s., could not sit together: but from first to last we fully shared the delight and appreciation of the huge audience—never slow in the matter of loud and continued applause after each act.—Yours, etc.,

Sudbury

JESSIE BURTON

The Barbecue in the Yard

Sir,—Mr. Christopher Serpell describes the American cook-out (*THE LISTENER*, July 17) in richly humorous terms, but in his whimsical account of insect repellents, electrically operated spits, and monosodium glutamate has omitted two important facts; one is that when the temperature rises above 85 degrees Fahrenheit, cooking in the house heats the cook, the kitchen, and the house; the second is that charcoal-broiled steaks are very good.

I can think of several reasons, including air-conditioning, that may have led your Washington correspondent to ignore American summer weather, but having noted recipes for Swiss sausages on savoury rice, shoulder of lamb stuffed with prunes, lamb fritters with tomato sauce (followed by fruit flan) in your excellent magazine, I find his second oversight inexplicable.

Yours, etc.,

Wellesley, Mass.

MARY JANE LATSIS

Unique Oxford College

Sir,—Referring to an excerpt from a talk published in *THE LISTENER* of June 19, may we point out that the roof of Nuffield College is covered with Collyweston stone slates, as used on Guildhall, in London, and not Cotswold tiles, as stated. We should know, as both the above works were carried out by ourselves.

Yours, etc.,

South Luffenham

J. R. STAPLETON

Rex Whistler

Sir,—I am writing the life of my brother Rex Whistler for an illustrated book, and shall be grateful to any owners of letters, drawings, or paintings who will get in touch with me, and for any personal recollections of special interest.

Yours, etc.,

Little Place,

LAURENCE WHISTLER

Lyme Regis, Dorset

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

FROM abstract art to action painting, as the summer exhibition at the Gimpel Fils Gallery would suggest, is not such a considerable step as to require any large amount of critical theory and exposition. Several artists, such as William Gear and Harold Cohen in the pictures shown there, seem to have made such a step very easily and without any sign of a struggle. It is true that when the designer of abstractions has got as far as Riopelle or Sam Francis his forms have become much more indefinite and anything like architectural or geometrical regularity has disappeared, but do we truly require the manifestoes that usher in new movements to enable us to face the fact that some artists now make patterns out of shapes that are rather different from those in common use a few years ago?

The main issue seems to be whether these more fluid forms and the 'all-overish' designs to which they lead may introduce too much that is accidental and make it difficult to place accents and devise the kind of composition which should distinguish a design suitable for an easel painting as opposed to one appropriate for a textile. These are the obvious risks of the style, the exact opposite of the risks run by artists who use regular forms after the fashion of Mondrian, and it is not so easy to decide whether, for example, Sam Francis' design of dark greens, for all its depth and richness of texture, has sufficient concentration and definite enough boundaries for a genuinely pictorial composition. But as against this risk there is to be set the new freedom of handling that the abstract artist has recently gained. With this impulsive calligraphy it is really easier than it used to be to detect—though it may still need detective work—the existence of training and talent: these were often more effectively concealed when austere geometrical constructions were commonly used.

A curious by-product of this new use of rapid brushwork and indefinite forms is what is often called abstract impressionism. The term is loosely used; sometimes it seems to mean no more than that the painter avoids sharp contours and allows his brush-strokes to show in the same way as the impressionists did. At other times it may mean that the lighting and tonality of a particular landscape have suggested the colouring and tonality of an abstract design, as perhaps it has in Francis' green painting or in

Harold Cohen's 'The Face of the City' and as it almost certainly has in Theodore Stamos' 'Sun Edge of the Field'.

A keen eye for values, perhaps even keener than is needed when painting from nature, is obviously required for this kind of abstract impressionism and so it illustrates with particular clarity how often in the painting of today a formidable amount both of natural

the artist's earlier work may sometimes have looked like a mannerist's device, now seems a quite natural method of emphasising gesture and expression.

Some of the recent Marinis, such as the 'Falling Horse and Rider', show a tendency towards extreme simplification and even abstraction which one may perhaps regret but must, with an artist of such power, most certainly

respect. In such company the work of Henry Moore makes a curious impression. Obviously he is the equal of the others in technical proficiency but his stylistic devices, particularly in the figures set against a wall, give the impression of being more deliberate and contrived, expert rhetoric, so to say, as opposed to poetry.

The centenary of Worth's, the great dress designer, is celebrated at the Victoria and Albert Museum by an exhibition of designs for dresses executed during the last hundred years; it is a selection from the vast number of drawings recently presented to the museum. For anyone interested in the history of costume these designs are fascinating, but again and again one is pulled up by the almost incredible silliness and vulgarity of the faces. Something is clearly wrong, but it may be only the incompetence of the artists and not, as the drawings themselves go far to suggest, anything fundamentally corrupt in the well-dressed world.

For its summer exhibition Tooth's Gallery shows a number of excellent pictures from stock, most of which have on occasion been exhibited before. Though there is a beautiful landscape by Monet, the two Forains are certainly the most arresting of these pictures; 'La Pièce à Conviction', with its brilliantly contrived lighting, is an extraordinary and, as it were, instantaneous glimpse of reality. The work of seven Indian painters living in Europe is shown at Gallery One. F. N. Souza, particularly in his figure subjects, has the gift of creating a memorable image; Mohan Samant's somewhat oriental figures have a hieratic quality; 'Nartaki Dancers', by Maqbul Husain, has some amplitude of form.

Paintings by Clara Etso Ugbo-daga, a Nigerian artist, are shown at the Commonwealth Institute; her methods are almost entirely European and her work includes some abstractions as well as some quite realistic studies of life in Nigeria,



'La Pièce à Conviction', by Forain, from the Summer Exhibition at Tooth's Gallery

aptitude and of experience is required to produce results which at any other period in history would have been considered trifling. The recent history of abstract art really resembles nothing so much as the fantastic permutations and combinations of style, seldom if ever inspired by any reference to visual observation, in which the monkish illuminators of the dark ages indulged. But these, of course, might take a century to make changes of style which the modern artist can accomplish in a few years; perhaps this may be taken as a sign of progress.

The Hanover Gallery's remarkable exhibition of the work, mainly in sculpture, of Giacometti, Marini, Matisse and Moore, well deserves the long run it has been given; it is to continue till September 13. Giacometti, both in his sculpture and in his drawings, comes out particularly well in this representation of his work. The drawings are of an extreme refinement, yet perfectly straightforward; one feels at once that there is nothing in them which has been done for show. The recent bronzes, several figures and the most dog-like of dogs (reproduced in the last number of THE LISTENER), quiver with vitality, and the extraordinary attenuation of the forms, which in

A Crisis in Biblical Theology

By ANTHONY E. HARVEY

THE Protestants at the Reformation had to meet a challenge from the Catholic Church which ran rather like this: the Bible is a difficult book, it is full of dark places and apparent inconsistencies. How do you Protestants think you can manage without the authoritative guidance of the Church when you come to interpret it and to build your doctrine upon it? The Reformers replied to this in different ways. Some were inclined to slur over the difficulties: the Bible, they said, is basically clear, and if you are confronted by a difficult text there is always an easier one near at hand which will show you how it should be taken. Others, more realistically, confessed their perplexity and invoked the Holy Spirit, whose function it is to lead us into all truth.

The Consistent Luther

Perhaps the most consistent position was that of Luther. Luther frankly regarded some parts of the New Testament as more important than others—certain Epistles of St. Paul, for example, as more important than the Gospels; and having carefully selected his material he was able to read a fairly consistent system of doctrine out of it. But he never quite came to terms with the passages which lay outside his own personal selection. In one place he even suggests that if there are passages in the Gospels which seem to make against his doctrine of justification by faith alone, it is the devil who draws our attention to them.

Part of the Reformers' trouble was caused by the uncritical reverence with which they were accustomed to read the Bible. They had little scholarly equipment for dealing with its difficulties. When scientific criticism of the Bible got under way in the last century, it was absorbed for about fifty years in separating out the various strands and subjecting them to source criticism, literary criticism, historical criticism, and so forth. The criteria of history, archaeology, and linguistics were brought to bear on the Bible, and seemed to many people to be passing a distressingly unfavourable judgement upon it. But in the last few decades the Bible has regained its authority. Attention has now shifted to the Bible as a whole, and a new subject has appeared called Biblical Theology. This means that the Bible, or rather the New Testament, is now subjected to analysis in order to see what is the total message or picture that it contains. Biblical Theology is an attempt to build up a theology entirely out of the Bible, just as the Reformers tried to do four centuries ago. It is worth asking whether all its apparatus of scholarship makes the new Biblical Theology any more successful than the Reformers were in letting the Bible speak for itself. Is it able to extract, unaided, a consistent Christian theology from the New Testament?

Some progress has certainly been made. But the techniques of modern scholarship bring with them disadvantages as well as advantages. If you are going to be scholarly you cannot afford to

be selective in the way that Luther was selective. If you are seriously going to study the theology of the New Testament you must take into account the whole of the New Testament. You cannot assume that some books are less important than others: you must discuss every passage, from whatever New Testament author, which is relevant to your topic.

A symptom of this is the way in which modern books on Biblical Theology are arranged. If you turn to the back of one you will almost certainly find—besides, or even instead of, the usual subject-index—a complete index of all the Biblical passages referred to in the book. This arrangement helps you to use the book rightly. You will not go to it for a theoretical discussion of a point of doctrine; you will turn it up in order to see how a particular text fits into the total picture. But the index is also a kind of guarantee of the author's thoroughness. It implies that he has in fact dealt with every relevant text. You will not be able to catch him out by pointing to a passage which he has not taken into consideration. Unfortunately, dealing with every relevant text means dealing with a disconcerting jumble of material. The New Testament does not yield a tidy series of statements on a given topic. Its evidence is often confused, and at times almost self-contradictory. The modern scholar is in for just as much perplexity as Luther and Calvin were when he tries to construct his theology out of it.

Protestant Solution

What is to be done? One solution—a modern and characteristically Protestant solution—is to abandon the enterprise altogether. The New Testament, after all, was never intended to be a treatise. It is a compilation of narrative, history, preaching, exhortation, and vision, and the sensible way to use it is not as a quarry for dogmatic propositions but as evidence for the religious life of the first Christians. Apparent inconsistencies may be simply differences of emphasis. Instead of trying to smooth them out and reconcile them with each other, we ought to be impressed by the richness and diversity of primitive Christian experience. Biblical Theology should never attempt to soften this diversity: on the contrary, it should display it in all its starkness. We shall then have a standard against which we can measure our own faith, to make sure that we have preserved intact all the elements of apostolic Christianity.

This is probably a sound approach so far as it goes, and thoroughly congenial to the Protestant experience of a God who is known through personal encounter rather than pontifical proclamation. But it does not take one the whole way. Some of the inconsistencies are intractable; it would be specious to call them mere differences of emphasis. A good example from the New Testament is the constant alternation of present and future tenses. At one moment the Kingdom of God is said to be among us, it is already upon us. At another moment it is just round

the corner. At another again it seems a long way off in the future, to be heralded by all sorts of catastrophes.

Or consider the day of judgement: St. Matthew places this unequivocally at the end of the world, while St. John seems to say that the main part of judgement has already taken place with the appearance of Christ on earth. The modern scholar has to cope with this diversity in all its starkness, and he obviously cannot get away with treating it simply as evidence for the richness of the primitive faith. He has to have some answer ready for the puzzled believer who wants to know where he stands in these matters, who is justifiably anxious to be told whether the Kingdom of God is here already or is still round the corner. Admittedly the scholar still has one way out. There is a kind of dialectic, popular among theologians at the moment, which makes it possible to accept all these statements together. In a sense, they say, the Kingdom of God is already with us; but in a sense, again, it is something we still await expectantly. The Christian faith contains both a 'now' and a 'not yet', and these two tenses have to be held together in tension for the faith to be a true one.

I shall come back to this dialectic presently; but in any case it cannot cope with everything. A crucial case is that of Christ's second coming. Again, the biblical evidence is ambiguous if not frankly inconsistent. We have to ask the scholar. Are we or are we not to expect the return of Christ among the clouds with glory? It will not do to answer, dialectically, yes and no: the answer must be yes *or* no. Moreover, the question is particularly acute since the Church, at different times, seems to have given different answers. The early Christians evidently expected the return of Christ at any moment, and only gradually got used to the indefinite postponement of this confidently expected event. The Middle Ages thrust it right away into the distant future, the Reformation for a while brought it nearer home, and now the Roman Catholic Church no longer requires belief in a visible second coming. Only the biblical scholar, it would seem, can give the answer now; and in fact the question might be regarded as a crisis for the claims of biblical theology.

What Jesus Actually Said

The challenge has been recently met by one of the younger Cambridge theologians, Dr. John Robinson, in a book called *Jesus and His Coming**. Robinson follows what is perhaps the only way out of the puzzle by attempting to lay bare what Jesus actually said on the matter. The technique which he uses is one that has already been trained with notable results upon the parables, and consists in driving a wedge between the authentic words of our Lord and the records in which they are preserved. It is believed that minor variations in language, context and style between the synoptic Gospels can be used as clues for detecting the use to which the sayings of Jesus were put by the early

* Student Christian Movement Press, 15s.

Church, and the changes and distortions which were the result of this process. By this technique, Robinson tries to show that various utterances of Jesus about the significance of his ministry on earth and about his inevitable vindication in heaven have been transformed by the Gospel tradition into forecasts of his impending return. Jesus, he argues, did not intend us to expect his second coming: it is the Gospel writers who have introduced the idea; Jesus himself never went further than reaffirming the traditional Jewish belief in an eventual end of the world, with judgement and general resurrection.

Invention of the Early Church?

Von Hugel believed that Jesus' promise of his return was evidenced by five texts in the Gospels, five texts 'of immense weight and luminous clearness'. More recently, Canon Fison subjected these texts to careful examination and reluctantly conceded that only one was reliable. And now Robinson, with the weighty agreement of C. H. Dodd, has cast doubt upon all five. Not all scholars will agree with this: but clearly the situation is becoming serious. There is at least a risk that biblical research may be able to demonstrate that this part of the Christian hope was an invention of the early Church, and was completely absent from the teaching of our Lord. If so, must we be ready to modify our beliefs and abandon that clause in the creed which affirms that 'He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead'?

I believe not: partly because I do not think that this will ever be the considered verdict of the new Biblical Theology. I have said that the critical technique used by Robinson is an attempt to drive a wedge between the authentic words of our Lord and the records in which they are preserved. This is not the first time that a wedge has been driven into the New Testament; but the wedge has usually been inserted at a different place, that is, roughly in the middle, between the Gospels and the Epistles. Continental reformed theology has tended to concentrate on the Epistles, and to minimise the importance of the Gospels; while in the great period of liberal theology, interest was concentrated on the human personality and ethical teaching of Jesus as they appear in the Gospels, to the comparative neglect of St. Paul.

Robinson's attempt to get at the original words of Jesus is obviously in the tradition of the liberals, but with the great difference that, instead of putting in his wedge in the middle and playing off the Epistles against the Gospels, he puts it in right at one end, and plays off the whole of the New Testament against the original words of Jesus which inspired it and which then, he believes, were distorted by it. It is no longer a contest of Bible versus tradition, for the Bible itself is just as suspect as tradition. Tradition, in fact, will now include not only the clause 'He shall come again . . .' in the creed. It will include the words of St. Paul which have been taken over into our liturgy, 'We show forth the Lord's death until he cometh'—important and very ancient words, one would have thought, but Robinson does not mention them. It will include even the Gospel accounts of our Lord's teaching. All this now lies on one side of the critical wedge, and all that is left on the other side is a scholarly reconstruction of our Lord's original words. The quest of the historical Jesus has given place to the quest of the original

'sayings, and everything is to be staked on the results of a particular critical method. The most biblically minded Protestant may well hesitate before adopting a position so precarious.

Not that Robinson is content to leave it at that. He does not ignore or minimise all the material on the other side of the wedge. He is at pains to emphasise that the earliest writings in the New Testament—the Epistles to the Thessalonians—contain a particularly full-blooded doctrine of the second coming. His book is not merely destructive. It is a serious and persuasive attempt to account for the tradition and to explain how, in the first years after Christ's death, the expectation of his imminent return took hold of the minds of the Apostles. Yet, despite this, the book cannot be reckoned as a piece of Biblical Theology. It has none of that splendid impartiality which makes every relevant text of equal weight and tries to work them all into a single picture. Throughout, it is the teaching of Jesus which is normative. It is on the basis of the teaching of Jesus that Robinson is telling us what to believe. For his conclusions, he concentrates on the words of our Lord just as exclusively as Luther concentrated on St. Paul. There are good grounds for this. Ultimately, the words of Jesus have supreme authority. But Jesus did not trouble to leave behind him an authoritative collection of his sayings, as Mohammed is said to have done. He left, not a manual of teaching, but the living word in the shape of a Church, a Church that believed, or came to believe, in his second coming. We should have to have very good reasons for deserting the beliefs of that Church on this particular article of faith.

Of course, there may be good reasons. Until recently the Church believed that the book of Genesis offers a historically reliable account of the beginning of the world. Today this account is rightly seen as a piece of profound mythology, and it is tempting to treat the biblical account of the end of the world in the same way, as a mythical description of something which is always true. After all, the Church was unquestionably wrong when it regarded the second coming—as it often did even in New Testament times—as a kind of cosmic catastrophe totally unrelated to history. God will not simply do away with the world as we know it. We must believe that the signs of God's activity in this generation are a valid preparation for the final establishment of his Kingdom. Yet there is a danger in treating it all as a myth.

Eschatological Events

I have already referred to the theological dialectic by which present and future tenses in the New Testament are held in tension together. The theologians do not use the word 'dialectical'; their word is 'eschatological', by which they mean, roughly, belonging to the last age. A fairly short time ago this word was used, as one would expect, about events which the New Testament describes in the future tense. Eschatology was definitely the last chapter in the book of the Christian faith. But more and more the word has been encroaching upon the present and the past. The incarnation, crucifixion and resurrection of Christ are now called eschatological events—events which marked the irruption of the last age into the present age. Our time is already eschatological time; we have turned the corner into the last lap of the history

of salvation. The only thing which still lies in the future is the final consummation. It is rather as if the sergeant-major were saying stand-at-ease, but was still at the pause before the last syllable, and his men still at attention but quivering in their places. We expect the end, but we are already seized by the end. Our expectancy is already eschatological.

It is this 'realised eschatology', as it is called, which wants to bring the second coming of Christ back from the future into the present. The Christ who has come, says Robinson, and the Christ who shall come, are truly known in the Christ who comes; and if his coming is allowed to recede into the future, the eschatological tension of the present is relaxed. I have called the temptation to talk like this dangerous. There is much truth in it, and a good deal of light on what are otherwise dark places. But I fear a certain vagueness in it, and particularly in this word 'eschatological'. If someone asks me to look at the world as it is and to say whether I honestly believe that Christ has already come, that his Kingdom is already here, it is too easy to answer that Christ and his Kingdom are indeed present—eschatologically. I am afraid that this word eschatological may conceal some wishful thinking. I am afraid that if I use it too much my hope for a better world under the Kingship of Christ may turn into a kind of dialectic, with which, like a Marxist, I shall be able to convince myself that the world is really better than it is. I am afraid that my eschatological spectacles may begin to make me see things in false colours. I am afraid of being too optimistic. I prefer to see the world as it is, and to believe that the second coming of Christ will be something radically, and gloriously, different.—*Third Programme*

Loiterers

This my birthplace? No, friend, this is Xanion's,
He, the owner of that yellow barley.
Mischievous chicory was all I planted:
Blue-eyed, we played here.

O, could the mayfly of memory wing back
Through bee-bustle and waspish digressions,
Certainly here it would find us standing,
Left in this cart-rut.

There the house glinted, near the tilting hay-rick,
Down through rose-ramblers to the prosperous earth-mould.
There the sky flashed to the windows, and the windows
Flashed to our young eyes.

Dawn's early singers, missel-thrush and skylark,
Still mark the track we followed to the cornfield.
Foxgloves in midge-light hid the turning river
Swept by the swallows.

Fallen is the house to the earth-mould, fallen.
Quick, for we lag here. If the dust is pollen
Robbed by the butterfly, stolen by the mayfly,
Why should we sigh, then?

VERNON WATKINS

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Below the Tide

By Penelope Tremayne.

Hutchinson. 16s.

THE 'SITUATION' IN CYPRUS (as that tragic impasse is euphemistically called) has already produced one brilliant book, Lawrence Durrell's *Bitter Lemons*, and now it has produced another. Miss Tremayne is not the same kind of self-conscious literary artist and *Below the Tide* has its rough and jagged edges: but she gives the impression of being far more of a participant than Mr. Durrell and in some of her scenes—notably the murder of a lorry-driver, a forest fire, and her attempts to coax out of his apathy a Greek child blinded after an operation for a brain-tumour—she achieves a vividness and intensity which Mr. Durrell himself might envy.

Employed for a year as a Red Cross worker, Miss Tremayne did the unusual and courageous thing of living alone in a Cypriot village where, at one time, the security officer for the district told her that her chances of survival were seventy to thirty. When a boy from the village was arrested for suspected membership of Eoka, it was made clear to her that if anything happened to him there would be 'one English person less alive here'. Since she was the only English inhabitant, the inference was obvious; but she did not leave the village. Often as she lay in bed at night she would hear tramping and scuffling outside her house and even the sounds of hands trying her locked doors and windows. Perhaps she was wrong to interpret these noises as she did—after all, even at a time of tranquillity in Cyprus or Greece village youths might try to enter the house of a woman living alone—but the rightness or wrongness of her interpretation does not detract from her remarkable courage in not having fled. This courage seems rarely to have failed her.

Miss Tremayne is chary of making political judgements but those she makes are both shrewd and just. She acknowledges the idiocies committed by the British in the past—the use, for example, in Cypriot schools of chauvinistic textbooks imported from Athens; or the failure of the majority of British officials to behave towards the 'natives' with anything but patronage or contempt. A lover of Greece, she also acknowledges the fatal flaws in the Cypriot-Greek character: the moral cowardice which ensured the continuance of a terrorist organisation which only a minority wanted; the emotional instability; the failure to reason logically. If she puts the blame anywhere it is not primarily on the shoddy and devious character of the Archbishop; nor on British obtuseness; nor on politicians in Greece hungry for power at no matter what cost; nor even on General Grivas, notorious for the atrocities of his X Battalion long before he came to Cyprus; but on one dominant factor—ignorance. The British did not care to know or understand the Cypriots; the Cypriots, in consequence, failed to appreciate our motives; and the Greeks, ill-informed about the aspirations of both sides, only confused the issues further.

Miss Tremayne rejects partition as a solution of the problem and supports some kind of self-

government followed by self-determination later. Her book ends on a note of semi-optimism which has, alas, already been falsified by events. But that is the only false thing in a book which rings with an iron-like honesty and truth.

The European Powers and the German Question 1848-1871. By W. E. Mosse. Cambridge. 50s.

Whereas most German historians of the period have been obsessed with the hostility of the outside world as imagined by them, Dr. Mosse's main contention in this book is that, broadly speaking, the European Powers encouraged the unification of Germany under Prussian leadership. The two Great Powers of whom this was markedly true were Russia and Great Britain, but it was often true also of France although the whole operation was bound to occur most of all at her expense. Indeed, after the failure of the revolutionary movement of 1848 in Germany no one did more than Napoleon III, the patron of Polish and Italian nationalistic aspirations, to help the cause of German unity. By his attitude to the Polish insurrection of 1863 Napoleon forged a link between Prussia and Russia—expressed in the Alvensleben Convention—which neutralised Russia in 1870 and caused the Tsar in his turn to neutralise Austria-Hungary. By encouraging the *Risorgimento* Napoleon both weakened and alienated Austria: her loss of Lombardy combined with her difficulties with Hungary to earn her the reputation of a 'corpse' at St. Petersburg, while in Vienna itself resentment at the results of Magenta and Solferino made a *rapprochement* with France unthinkable until Venetia had been lost too.

Thus the labours of Bismarck, which German historians have inflated into something Herculean, were on a more modest scale. Dr. Mosse might have made more of the Roman Question, the absurd tangle created by the French occupation of Rome since 1849 which half paralysed Napoleon III ever after, and threw Italy on to Prussia's side both in 1866 and 1870. The neutralisation of the Black Sea by the Treaty of 1856 was equally useful to Bismarck who, as Dr. Mosse points out, 'was able to make the same concession twice over and to be twice paid for the same service to Russia' by supporting the revision of the relevant clauses.

The British were pro-German for all the opposite reasons to those which motivated Russia. If the Tsar backed Berlin as the home of diehard politics, George Eliot was typical of her country in regarding the German victory over France in 1870 as the beginning of 'a better period'; the general belief here was that a nice liberal Germany ruled by Crown Prince Frederick was just round the corner, while France was as usual felt to be vicious and decadent. The annexation of Alsace-Lorraine did little but to increase the anxiety of those few people like Gladstone who were 'oppressed with the idea' and instinctively distrusted Bismarckian Germany. The Prince of Wales' eagerness, expressed to his mother on August 19, 1870, to attempt mediation is interesting.

The British hope for a liberal Germany at this time was more justified than it seems in retrospect. For Dr. Mosse is right to emphasise the genuinely liberal phase in Prussian politics in the 'fifties which might have driven King William to abdication in 1862 had he not found Bismarck to resist and crush it—that was, after all, only eight years before the battle of Sedan. It is interesting, too, to find how moribund Austria already seemed in the 'sixties—certainly in Russian eyes—although she was nowhere near the weakness induced by German-Czech quarrels on the eve of the war of 1914. Neither the *Ausgleich* nor, later, the German Alliance could stop the rot that had set in.

Dr. Mosse's sources and appendices are most important, but one wishes he might have referred to Professor Bonnin's fresh material on the Hohenzollern candidature, material which is liable to shake any student's faith in Bismarck's veracity. It is a pity that so important a conception as the *Ausgleich*, several times mentioned though not defined by Dr. Mosse, does not appear in his index. There is too much repetition in his text, but he has none the less made a notable contribution to the history of the nineteenth century.

The Wisest Fool in Christendom

By W. McElwee. Faber. 25s.

James I is an obvious target for the modern biographer: there can be few psychological freaks in the more or less distant past about whom so much is known. Yet until recently he was ignored. Now, in quick succession, two lives have appeared, both happily by serious writers who have not abused their opportunities. Professor Willson presented his excellent account less than two years ago, so that Mr. McElwee must challenge comparison with so recent a predecessor. He does not come off best, but he makes the comparison by no means absurd. His book is careful, considered, pretty readable, though at times the draft headings of causes and consequences show through his prose; he has done his own work and offers his independent assessment.

He is at his best where Professor Willson was weakest, with James still in Scotland: Mr. McElwee neatly and convincingly unravels the situation in which the king found himself and the manner of his surprising success against the factions. When James moves to England, the author's touch grows a trifle less sure. There are some needless and unfortunately rather material errors concerning the nature of Tudor government, the constitutional position of Parliament, and the details of James' struggles with his subjects. Thus, for instance, the Commons' claims in 1604 were not revolutionary, as Mr. McElwee thinks, though they would have been if his account of Goodwin's Case were correct. The Great Contract of 1610 cannot really be understood without greater first-hand knowledge of the records than the author possesses.

Such doubts are reinforced by Mr. McElwee's methods of citing his authorities. Unlike Professor Willson he has not done the hard work of manuscript research upon which such a study

should rest; nor is he willing to explain himself to the reader. The pettish note about the allegedly modern tendency to turn footnotes into a tedious nuisance does not justify the exiguous bibliographical material that follows. If this were indeed all that had 'been used or quoted in the preparation of this particular book', one would have to congratulate Mr. McElwee on making so much of so little; but why try? Serious and thorough as this book in great part is, it does appear that the foundations are sometimes dangerously slender.

Oddly enough, this matters perhaps the least in Mr. McElwee's picture of James himself because in so much as he tries to modify earlier judgements (for instance, Professor Willson's) he fails to carry conviction. Less outraged than Professor Willson by this royal ass, by his vanity, folly, filth and sottishness, he tries in vain, by playing down his worst features, to make him look a little like a king and ruler. He provides some interesting psychological speculation, but James' failure in England he would seem to ascribe to premature old age and the idleness which grew so strong from it. He does not seem to realise to what an enormous degree James was entirely responsible for his own troubles. On the whole, and not only because he supplies chapter and verse, one prefers Professor Willson's energetic anger to Mr. McElwee's gentlemanly judiciousness.

Religious Experience and other Essays and Addresses. By William Temple. James Clarke. 21s.

Edward King and our times. By Lord Elton. Bles. 12s. 6d.

In *Religious Experience and Other Essays and Addresses* Canon A. E. Baker has collected some miscellaneous works of the late William Temple, presenting a chart of the development of his thought from his Balliol days till the last year of his life. In spite of some unnecessarily peevish remarks about contemporary theologians, Canon Baker's introduction is both illuminating and lively. But the rest of the book for the most part will be of use only to those who are now compiling or who will in the future compile Ph.D. theses on the thought of William Temple. Three exceptions amid this research fodder are the masterly sermon on Christian unity preached at the opening of the Second World Conference on Faith and Order held at Edinburgh in 1937, the essay on 'The Perils of a Purely Scientific Education', and the contribution to the *Christian News Letter* on 'What Christians Stand For in the Secular World'. This last is something of a theological testament written in the year Temple died, and it displays how far his mind had moved since his early days as an unashamed Hegelian; in this essay he almost disavows the idealism which had been the very basis of his thought for most of his career. His mind had kept alive and sensitive through all the forty years reflected in this book; the loss that the English episcopal bench suffered by his comparatively early death is lamentably evident in the intellectual eclipse which has overtaken it ever since.

A peevishness not unlike that evidenced by Canon Baker mars Lord Elton's book. The author examines the saintliness of Edward King, Bishop of Lincoln 1885-1910, by tests for canonisation imposed by the Roman Catholic

Church. He also contrasts the standards and behaviour of his hero, and of Christians generally, with those of present-day society, and here he displays a censoriousness, sometimes amounting to truculence, which his saint would certainly never have shown himself and which is most unlikely to win contemporary society to his point of view. Lord Elton has, however, called attention to the fact that the Church of England did not cease to produce saints at the Reformation. Indeed the even more recent names of Evelyn Underhill, of Florence Allshorn, and of Alexander Wood remind us that this Church still in her modest way is the nursery of saints.

Cultural Foundations of Industrial Civilization. By John U. Nef. Cambridge. 20s.

The wretched word 'materialism' and its derivatives have produced endless confusion, and nowhere is that confusion worse confounded than in the sphere of discourse known as 'economic history'. Expressions are used which seem to imply that the materials required for the satisfaction of human desires and the machines necessary for processing those materials have taken charge of social history and are the real manipulators of the human mind. No one, of course, puts it like that, but everything possible is said to diminish the effectiveness of the human intellect. What seems to be forgotten is that economic activity is, in a very important sense, mental activity. This being so, it is of interest to consider the changes in mental activity which paved the way to our industrial civilisation, and it is to this topic that Professor Nef addressed himself in the Wiles Lectures which form the basis of this book.

When did the changes come about? In Professor Nef's view the significant epoch lies between 1570 and 1660, and the earlier part of his book contains the evidence. It was then, he argues, that quantitative precision in economics, in demography and for fiscal purposes became a new preoccupation. It was then that science—the independent search for verifiable truth—was born. Other circumstances of a more obviously economic nature made themselves felt in Northern Europe, and particularly in England. The dissolution of the monasteries altered the consumer structure. The high price of wood turned men's minds to the use of coal for the smelting of iron. The application of science to these problems together with an interest in calculation led to 'a concentration of industrial enterprise upon the production of cheap commodities in large quantities'.

So far so good, and few will quarrel with the evidence produced by the distinguished historian of the British coal industry. We now advance on more debatable ground—and none the less interesting for that. The move towards mass production, improved technology and the rest of it took place in the north of Europe. Elsewhere, particularly in France, something else was happening. Wars were being waged with appalling ferocity, and yet in the same period between the middles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a civilising process was afoot. 'The Renaissance culminated in a sweep of syphilis and Protestantism over Europe', as Professor Nef puts it, but such men as François de Sales and Vincent de Paul were attempting to bridge the gulf between unbridled instinct

and narrow asceticism. Poets, novelists and painters also played their part in ushering in an age in which decency, charity, moderation, order and elegant craftsmanship were respected. While England went in for quantity, France went in for quality. It is here that Professor Nef rejects the argument that it was this stress on quality that impeded industrial progress. On the contrary: 'Civilisation, in the sense in which the word was invented, provided an essential framework for the spread of industrialism'. It was because more people wanted elegant things for elegant living that quantity production came into its own. Think, Professor Nef might say—indeed almost does, for he mentions them—think of the common folk.

The precise relationship between mass production and a regard for quality is not clearly stated, partly, perhaps, because Professor Nef is grinding another axe. He also wants to make the point that civilised living cannot be wholly derived from the economic process. Furthermore in the final section he reminds us of the vital importance of decency, tolerance and art in our own immediate predicament. This is acceptable enough, but to turn the tables on the historical materialist and say that mass production would not have developed at all without such civilising influences is going a little far. On the other hand we are indebted to Professor Nef for pointing to a relationship between *what* was produced in quantity and *what* was produced for quality.

Jean Giraudoux: the Making of a Dramatist. By Donald Inskip. Oxford. 18s.

It is twenty years since the Lunts enchanted London with Giraudoux' 'Amphitryon 38' and now we have his posthumous play about a modern Lucrece. Yet most playgoers in this country still know far less of the poet and his work than they do of Anouilh. Professor Inskip's lucid, thorough and readable study is timely. He gives an appreciation of the quality of the plays rather than full critical analysis and is surprisingly sparing of direct quotations from the dialogue. Writing from Cape Town he is not much concerned with Giraudoux' fortunes on the English-speaking stage. The Lunts' 'Amphitryon' gets only passing mention, 'Tiger at the Gates' is noticed merely as an arbitrary retitling of 'La Guerre de Troie n'aura pas lieu'. Some consideration of affinities between Giraudoux and his translator Christopher Fry would have been interesting—their roots in the countryside and delight in language, the atmospheric insubstantiality of their plays, a certain imaginative freshness and innocence, more often optimistic than not.

What is not possible is to appreciate Giraudoux without recognising his debt to his friend and interpreter Louis Jouvet. The two are as inseparable theatrically as the fore and hind parts of a pantomime horse. On this Professor Inskip is most understanding. Indeed it is his thesis that Giraudoux' insubstantial pageants and metaphorical manner made their finest effects in those plays and productions where the main characters were developed in terms of the principal players of the fellowship of the Théâtre de l'Athénée. It is fitting and moving that Jouvet's last performance was in 'Ondine' in a memorial programme at Giraudoux' birthplace, Bellac. But the success of the post-war

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NOT FOR THE EVANGELICAL GREAT-AUNT

Roger Vailland's brilliant picture of life in Southern Italy has already won international recognition. Awarded the Prix Goncourt, it is the Book Society Choice for July and August and will be a Book-of-the-Month Club Selection in America. Although Raymond Mortimer felt that 'a kind-hearted girl would not recommend it to her Evangelical great-aunt' he found it 'Exceptionally unborning' and 'would never guess that the book was a translation: the language is so natural and alive.' Summing up, he wrote: 'One is horrified by this novel, but never bored: tigers are more interesting than jellyfish.' Maurice Cranston thinks it 'the best French novel that has come out since the war' and V. S. Pritchett reviewed the French edition enthusiastically. The jacket and paper drawings, which evoke the setting superbly, are by David Knight.

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revival by other actors of the first play Giraudoux worked out with Jouvet, 'Siegfried', adapted from his novel (the play was broadcast in the Third Programme in 1956) gives ground for the claim that Giraudoux' theatre is made of an imaginative stuff that will endure.

The poet was in Munich for some time as a young man, he served in the first world war without bitterness, and his Siegfried says:

It would be beyond all reason if in a human soul, where the most contrary virtues and vices dwell together, only the word 'German' and the word 'French' refused to come together. For my part I refuse to dig trenches in myself.

The test came in the second world war when Giraudoux was for a time Minister of Information. From the politicians' point of view he was not, one gathers, a good one. He wanted to oppose the Nazi propaganda of hatred and half-truths with cultural inspiration, appeal to the tradition and myth of France. The Occupation robbed him of his theatre and his company—Jouvet went on a prolonged tour of South America—and put him in the sombre mood reflected in his late plays. He did not live to see the liberation but felt it coming. On the title page of 'La Folle de Chaillot' he wrote in 1943, 'played for the first time on 17th October 1945, on the stage of the Théâtre de l'Athénée, by Louis Jouvet'. The actual date was only two months later. And by 1952 his 'Siegfried' was filling the trenches in the minds of post-war Parisians that had never been dug in the mind of Jean Giraudoux.

Poetry for Supper. By R. S. Thomas.

Hart-Davis. 9s. 6d.

All who care for poetry united in admiring Mr. Thomas' first book of poems. They will not be disappointed by his new collection, which should be bought and read, not just by those who think of themselves as 'poetry-lovers', but by all who care for the people, the landscape and the language of these islands.

Mr. Thomas' publishers compare him to Housman: but Housman's diction was highly artificial; he was also a romantic escapist who used landscape as an entry into a private world. Mr. Thomas never has to alter the word-order or the rhythms of natural speech. (In this he might be compared to Robert Frost.) His poems, while structurally hard as bone and without superfluity of any kind, have a spontaneous movement: they are lyrical conversations, rising and falling from the only possible beginning to the only possible end. This may be tested by reading the following complete poem aloud:

Don't think it was all hate
That grew there; love grew there, too,
Climbing by small tendrils where
The warmth fell from the eyes' blue

Flame. Don't think even the dirt
And the brute ugliness reigned
Unchallenged. Among the fields
Sometimes the spirit, enchained

So long by the gross flesh, raised
Suddenly there its wild note of praise.

As for Mr. Thomas' view of nature, when he observes, in the following magnificent lines, that a landscape in nature belongs to everyone—

All through history
The great brush has not rested,
Nor the paint dried; yet what eye,
Looking coolly, or, as we now,

Through the tears' lenses, ever saw
This work and it was not finished?

he makes a profound point about the way in which the human imagination, on whatever level it operates, turns the infinite into the finite. Yet the awareness of the infinite remains. This deep religious realism informs all his work.

Mr. Thomas has none of the literary restlessness of our time. The power that generates his work is the same ancient power which the farmer wields. Addressing his archetypal-Welsh farmer Iago Prytherch (contrast him with Housman's Terence) he says:

It is you who were right the whole time;
Right in this that the day's end
Finds you still in the same field. . . .

Most poetry today is about the search for pleasure: it treats life as if it were Battersea Fun Fair. But most people spend most of their lives working, and in the same place. Their work is soon forgotten. But, as Mr. Thomas writes of the country clergy, 'God in his time or out of time will correct this'. It may perhaps be said that these poems perform something of this work of correction.

In another of his poems Mr. Thomas writes of a dying poet who

preferred
The easier rhythms of the heart
To the mind's scansion . . . now he dies
Intestate, having nothing to leave
But a few songs, cold as stones,
In the thin hands that asked for bread.

Mr. Thomas never takes that easier way. He is never sentimental, and can be unsparing, about human weakness. Yet when, as in the terrifying poem 'Phobia', he has analysed it utterly, he ends by blessing it. He does not pity: he sympathises. He feels and conveys the simple harshness of common experience.

The Boer War

By Edgar Holt. Putnam. 25s.

Of all the episodes in the crowded history of South Africa, the last stand of the Boer Republics against the often ill-led might of the British Empire from 1899 till 1902 seems to awaken most interest nowadays, partly doubtless because the story is a fine one and partly because, after the lapse of nearly two generations, it can be seen in perspective.

It is a pity that the author, in essaying to tell the story of the origins and course of this struggle, should have called it *The Boer War* because that name is more appropriately given to the short and successful rebellion of the Transvaalers against British annexation twenty years earlier. The war with which he deals should surely be called 'the South African War', for not only did it involve the whole of the present Union and more also, but was a civil war during which Afrikaners and men of British stock side by side fought their fellows either under the Union Jack or one of the two Republican flags.

The author rightly begins with a thumbnail sketch of the Majuba war, but it may be suggested that he does not sufficiently stress the fact that the atmosphere in which the long pre-war negotiations were carried on from 1897 onwards had been poisoned not so much by the monstrous Jameson Raid as by the failure of the Westminster Committee to push its inquiries into that disastrous venture as far as it could and should have done. It can be stated definitely

that he misunderstands the attitude of the Afrikaner Bond of those days, which was no longer, as a body, set on ousting the 'English usurper', and is mistaken in believing that Dr. Leyds, ex-State Secretary of the Transvaal, ever held out hopes of foreign intervention. After this, it is a small matter that he calls the Cape-born Anglo-German, W. P. Schreiner, 'a young Afrikaner', and names de la Rey, the famous Transvaal general, 'John' instead of 'Jacobus'.

On the other hand, Mr. Holt tells his story in lively fashion, justly criticising some of the British commanders from Buller downwards, describing in some detail Rhodes' disloyalty in besieged Kimberley, giving full credit for patience and valour to the fighting-men on either side, and very properly distributing his many excellent illustrations equally between Afrikaners and British. His sketch-maps are admirably clear, but they would have been more helpful had he included therein names of several towns and battles that figure prominently in the text. Nevertheless, here is a short, good-tempered and readable book, which ends with valuable biographical notes on the protagonists on either side.

The Prettiest Girl in England

By Richard Buckle. Murray. 21s.

This lovely girl, Georgina Smythe, niece of Mrs. Fitzherbert, was, as the conscientious editor of her diary suggests, a perfect Jane Austen heroine. She lived, like Elizabeth Bennet, in a cushioned world remote from war and politics. Her only problems were how to deal with her suitors and how to choose a husband from the favoured few. Having made her choice, she at once encountered difficulties as in an Austenian novel: there were doubts, misunderstandings, family opposition. In the end all is happily resolved and the diary stops in the middle of a sentence not long before wedding bells rang out.

The serious reader, no doubt already deterred by its rather silly title, is advised to hesitate before he tosses this book aside in scorn. Admittedly from the journal of a rather brainless debutante he will learn nothing of politics, economics, or philosophy. Though Georgina Smythe 'came out' in the year of the Great Reform Bill and at a time of extensive agricultural and industrial depression, nothing of the kind intrudes into her pages. These are exclusively occupied with her daily round of pleasure—the morning calls and drives or rides in the Park, the occasional visit to the Zoo or the theatre, the grand balls with all their emotional accompaniments. And when the Season was over and shooting and hunting about to start there followed the retreat to a succession of country houses. Here life is described in petty detail from breakfast at eleven, duets in the music room, walks in the shrubberies, to heavy dinners at which the menfolk not infrequently got distressingly 'groggy', followed by *tableaux vivants*, or dancing and, of course, flirtations.

No material could be more frivolous. But because all is told without art, affectation or reserve, composed only for the eyes of the writer, it carries a truth and a sincerity often lacking in journals written with one eye to publication. From the diary of Georgina an insight is obtainable into that minute but important section of the community labelled Society. This cannot fail to be of value to anyone seeking an understanding of her period that embraces all classes.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Excursions and Alarms

ON AUGUST 5 three television services—the Russian, the Belgian, and the B.B.C.—combined to take us round the Soviet pavilion at the



The Russian pavilion at the Brussels Exhibition, which was visited in a television programme on August 5

Brussels Exhibition. An electronic occasion, in fact, as Richard Dimbleby pointed out, with much introductory waving towards glass-screened figures. Anyway it all went off splendidly: and if the choice of exhibits sometimes seemed rather austere—all those ball-bearings, for instance—you could hardly blame the programme for that.

The vast size of the pavilion, with its towering statue of Lenin (like Mr. Dimbleby, I shall run out of adjectives soon) is the first thing that hits you as you enter: or so we were assured, though vast size is something television can't really convey, as a recent visit to Santa Sophia also showed. Individual models came over much better: sputniks, of course, with Boris Belizky, whom we met in 'New Moons' a few weeks ago, to explain them; aircraft too, and cars you can sleep in, and a walking mechanical excavator like a science-fiction monster: 'We have them too', Mr. Dimbleby explained graciously, 'only not so big'. There was also a most delightful and ingenious working model of a children's holiday camp on the Black Sea.

Many aspects of Soviet life are illustrated for visitors to the pavilion by means of television

films: so there we were, watching, on television, Richard Dimbleby watching, on television, leopard-hunting in Siberia, ballet, Popov and football. I'm not quite sure how many removes from reality that makes. In contrast, a touch of domestic familiarity was provided by an Ideal Homes visit to a new-type family flat with a children's room British parents must have envied.

The following evening (more television history) we were taken on a late-night visit to Salzburg to look at the lights of the festival and listen to music and conversation in the *cafés* and cellars. Unfortunately it was raining, which dimmed the lights somewhat, but not the spirits of the visitors. We met some charming people: opera singers, actors in the famous morality play of 'Jedermann', and some tourists who were doing their best to acquire something of the gaiety of the Viennese. The atmosphere when the singers were being interviewed had a genuine cabaret intimacy, a champagne-like sparkle.

Marine life is a television 'natural'. The dream-like quality of that silent, opaque world is irresistible: one's screen, as the strange fish glide into it, becomes the glass wall of an aquarium. The submarine silence wasn't in fact very noticeable in the first of Hans Hass' new series of underwater adventures, what with the inevitable music and Dr. Hass' perhaps slightly over-full commentary. But the film itself was beautiful as photography and fascinating as a piece of live, pioneer

research: especially the huge manta rays, like delta-wing aircraft, opening their gills to let in the tiny cleaner-fish. What could be more restful to the eye and more instructive to the



Scene from 'Blue Watch', the story of a fire station, second in the series 'Living with Danger', on August 8



'On the Threshold', a B.B.C. documentary film, on August 5: above, debutantes at a deportment class; below, a teddy boy at the Elephant and Castle



John Cura

mind? I could have watched for hours.

So far I had been sitting back; Friday's 'Living with Danger' had me leaning forward. The first programme in this series had been about people who take what might be called contingent risks: 'The Blue Watch' was about men who take essential ones—the firemen. After a few preliminary skirmishes to show us the general routine and the varied jobs firemen must tackle, we saw the real thing. A fire was started; we waited, watching the bell. The firemen prepared for sleep we knew they wouldn't get. At last the alarm sounded, and the fire-engines ('appliances' to the Service) tore off into the night, jangling and swerving non-stop through London streets transformed by speed, past lighted shop-windows and sedately-trundling trolley-buses. This was a brilliant piece of filming, taken from the driver's seat, more thrilling than any fictional car-chase. To use a much-abused phrase justifiably, we were there. The fire was a big one, a fifteen-pumper, but they got it under control. Some documentaries have to be 'dramatised' to make them exciting. This one didn't have to be: the drama was there, spectacularly, already.

A revival of 'On the Threshold' (August 5) explored the lives of five London teenagers: a pair of amiably drifting teddy-boys, a school-girl who found West Norwood dull, a deb, and an L.S.E. student whose motto, 'It's a good world', suggested that some of our bitterly articulate 'young' rebels are really old has-beens, fifteen years behind the times. This was a thick, rich slice of life, with plenty of argot—people who dress conventionally are called 'peasants': budding *genre* novelists ought to have been scribbling madly.

There was also a short and sensational sixth interview, with a cosh boy. We never saw his face, only the hands clenching and unclenching. We were in a Graham Greene world of sick,



Scene from 'The Shadow of Doubt' on August 10, with (left to right) Patricia Marmont as Laura Denver, Stephen Murray as Arthur Denver, and Raymond Huntley as Manning

dry, nervous, unanswerable hate, only this time it wasn't fiction. The gap between the social classes is insignificant compared with the chasm that separates the law-abiding from the criminal. Riding over daddy's Scottish estate and hanging round pin-table saloons in the Elephant and Castle have something in common: they are both harmless ways of passing the time.

K. W. GRANSDEN

DRAMA

Aspects of Treason

WHEN I SAW Norman King's 'The Shadow of Doubt' at the Saville Theatre three years ago I thought it one of the best plays of the time. It has, which is rare enough, a topical subject of intense urgency, the moral obligations of a scientific worker who has lit upon a discovery of cosmic importance. Should such secrets be shared in the interests of humanity or reserved for the inventor's nation? In time of desperate war there can be no doubt where the duty lies. But what if the man be living in a time of menaced peace?

Dr. Ross in the play is a fanatical, as well as gifted, worker in his 'lab'. He believes in the sharing of knowledge; he is politically a simpleton; in his enthusiasm he has talked too much to a trusted but untrustworthy assistant. The latter is what M.I.5 calls 'a political' and sells what he hears. So Ross goes to prison as a traitor and emerges a hounded and nerve-racked creature. What of his future?

Mr. King has built a taut, effective story on the efforts of the 'politicals' to recapture their man. The ending may be improbably happy, but it is not happy-go-lucky; the solution is well contrived and the acting gave the dramatist all possible help. Stephen Murray took over the part of Ross in last Sunday's production and was better suited to it than John Clements had been, for Mr. Clements, an admirable actor in many roles, has less natural aptitude than Mr. Murray for the part of a neurotic, dedicated, and agonised man. There was a most striking intensity and a haggard reality in Stephen Murray's performance; one believed both in the man's brains and in his folly: the actuality of

the situation was given added poignance by the driving realism of the scientist's doubts, dreams, and dilemmas.

Alan Bromly's production of a text which must have been cut to fit a time-schedule of seventy-five minutes had the right speed and emotional pressure. Raymond Huntley renewed his capital presentation of the M.I.5 man and there was useful assistance also from Patricia Marmont and Bernard Horsfall. Here was one of our best Sunday evenings.

Treason again. It took several hands to create the text of 'The Freedom of the Prisoner' (August 5). It was 'translated from the German of Edzard Schaper by Isabel and

Florence McHugh and adapted for television by Frank Baker'. The producer, Michael Leeston-Smith, had given it some ingenious camera-work and there were effective individual performances, but the story was a muddle and so poorly told that potentially exciting events dwindled into the tedious.

The time was 1805. Napoleon's army was at the Channel Ports and Lieutenant Du Molart was expecting to sail as a combatant in the invasion. Instead he was arrested and charged with treason. He had been in touch with a mysterious Countess who seemed to be working for the English. She never appeared in the play and her character and motives were mysterious. She also worked through a father and son called Vergenne who, though we had a glimpse of one of them, were no better explained.

The Lieutenant was imprisoned, 'grilled', offered a chance to escape, did not take it, and was finally 'knocked about and executed. Why was he given the opportunity to break away? Again, mystery. Before his death he was amply supplied with the kind of religious consolation which left one surprised at its superficiality.

Fortunately the priest was played by Robert Harris, whose impressive blend of fervency and gravity, coupled with one of the finest voices on our stage, concealed, as far as was possible, the shallowness of what he had to say.



Robert Harris as the Chaplain, and Eric Lander as Lieutenant Du Molart in 'The Freedom of the Prisoner' on August 5

Eric Lander was almost continuously in front of the camera as the unfortunate Lieutenant. His acting deserved a text which would have encouraged a rapt attention instead of tempting the mind to wander. If this piece was cut down from something longer, the cutting was poorly done; if it appeared as the German author wrote it, then that author has much to learn about telling a story in dramatic form. But I shall look forward to further productions by Mr. Leeston-Smith.

The choice of the Suez Canal Share purchase in 1875 as an episode in 'You Are There' (August 6) was obviously prompted rather by recent events than by any sharp drama in the negotiations. We switched from Cairo to Paris and London and saw Disraeli resolved to act and a Rothschild ready to lend, the Khedive satisfied, and France out-manoeuvred. Here was a useful jog to memory and history made easy. Ernest Milton, who once gave us a notable Disraeli on the stage, presented Dizzy at seventy, when, no doubt, he could seem as lackadaisical as Mr. Milton made him. Fortunately, Disraeli not only drawled amusingly: he had vision and the will to follow it up. Mr. Milton gave us the whole man.

Perry Como has ended his ministrations for the time being. He has what Ivor Novello had, a real enjoyment in making a vast public enjoy itself. Easy in method, he smilingly puts all at their ease. To believe in what you are doing, even if it be trivial, is an endearing asset. He will be renewing his essays in casual charm in the autumn.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Farce and Fantasies

THE RADIO PERFORMANCE of Mr. John Mortimer's 'Call Me a Liar', which was originally written for television, was the most interesting thing done last week. It was interesting because it was one of those pieces which are so technically well done that they pass for greater than they actually are. 'Call Me a Liar' was well received on television and Mr. Mortimer showed his technical skill as a writer and as a transposer in the radio version. His writing is slick, his dialogue is shrewdly observed, and he creates characters and situations with a speed that reminded me of Variety script writing. But skill and technical mastery must not blind us to the fact that 'Call Me a Liar' is smart farce rather than comedy of lasting importance.

The play is about an unpleasant young man called Sammy Noles who lies because he cannot face the reality of his condition. As anti-heroes and unpleasant young men are now so morbidly the fashion one might have expected a more interesting study of a fantasist than the one that Mr. Mortimer produced. Unfortunately Mr. Mortimer does not seem able to leave the joke alone and the young man's capacity for creating untruths completely strained my belief before the play had ended. It was, for example, funny that a young man should gull his boss into thinking that he was a married man with two children but quite unbelievable that the boss should accept the lie for five years. A strange sub-plot (brought in for further comic effect?) about the boss who had not spoken to his wife since the Coronation was not only unbelievable but in bad taste as it involved the children of the marriage.

Into this farce, tending, as farce often does, towards bad taste, Mr. Mortimer brings the sad, good character of Martha

Heinz, a young refugee from East Berlin. The fact that she was made credible by the sympathetic playing of Miss Beatrice Ormonde made her plight at the hands of Sammy Noles very nearly unpleasant. Like all the other characters, who nevertheless had sharp and witty things to say about foreign house-helpers in London, S.W., she became the victim of the playwright's desire to achieve a well-made package with all the strings tied. At the end the boss starts speaking to his wife again and Sammy and Martha are left incredibly in each other's arms. If the piece was not so well made it would deserve far less attention. I have treated it at length because it seems that radio often brings out flaws that are overlooked when a work is done on the stage or the screen.

If 'Call Me a Liar' was interesting, 'The Talking Bird' was remarkable. It was a new version of the story of the Jealous Sisters from the *Arabian Nights*, and Mr. Charles Beardsall and Mr. Frederick Bradnum co-operated wonderfully to produce it. They were helped by Miss Muriel Levy who adapted the story and by Mr. Henry Reed who wrote music especially for it. It began with the muffled cry of the muezzin and one felt immediately that one was sitting in on one of radio's occasions. Mr. Reed's music was memorable and worth hearing again on its own. The way in which voices and radiophonic effects were blended with it would no doubt make this impossible, and I for one would crave that 'The Talking Bird' be put high on the list of plays to be repeated. While waiting for its repetition I maintain hope that the play's production team are considering other tales from the *Arabian Nights*. If they are so considering they must reserve Miss June Tobin for the part of Scheherazade. Effects and music launched the mind into the world of fantasy; it was Scheherazade's glowing voice which set the sails.

There was something of the same magic about Mr. R. D. Smith's production of 'Pericles, Prince of Tyre', which was given its third broadcast last Sunday. Like 'The Talking Bird', the play is a fantasy recording the triumph of virtue. When the ear is doing all the imagining the stage improbabilities of this play that Shakespeare wrote when his passion was done are swept aside.

Lastly, there was Mr. Dennis Egan's 'The Golden Fruit', which was an overheard reverie from Australia. Michael, a young middle-class Englishman working his Australian uncle's orange groves, had second and third thoughts about adventure and Australia. The use of two different voices for Michael's doubts recalled O'Neill's dialogue methods in 'Strange Interlude' but it was a pity that the thoughts were not deeper ones. Adventure is where you find it, Mr. Egan told us. He gave Michael some powerful things to say about the fear in the Australian landscape but it seemed at the end that the young Englishman was still not integrated and was taking refuge in a purely private and European symbolism. An Australian comment on this play would remark that even though Michael had got used to getting his hands dirty, his thoughts remained Pommy underneath. Perhaps this is as it should be, but I cannot help feeling that it is time we heard the Australian story from the Australian side.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Children and Holiday Camps

PATRICIA HAYES scored a triumph with her reading of Josef Bard's short story 'The Tale of a Child' on Monday and Thursday evenings (Third). She triumphantly caught the exact timbre of a small boy's voice. Inevitably the story itself was an adult's idea of how a boy's mind

works, though it had great charm as a picture of Hungarian village life of a kind that is, alas, no more. What struck me most was the leisurely, richly human world—'relaxed' we should call it now, when nobody is relaxed—that it evoked, the entire absence of stress and strain, where the boys learned the more elementary facts of life without fuss from the animals and later, one suspects, from that mysterious shuttered house in the meadows just outside the village, where the ladies slept all day. And there were speculations about poetry and God, as they lay on the banks of the Danube after bathing, and everything was blessedly unpolitical.

'To Comfort Always' (Wednesday, Home) was the first of two programmes devoted to mental health. It was made abundantly clear, from the recorded interviews with child psychologists and teachers in Scotland and the north of England, that under our educational system children are subjected to just the sort of mental strain that may easily cripple them nervously for life. It was pointed out that even before a child goes to school he is often aware of nervous tension in the home centring on the question of the eleven-plus examination, upon which his whole future may depend. And no wonder, for by this system of selection only one in five can hope to be admitted to a grammar school, the remaining 80 per cent. being judged failures. Apart from the fact that examinations are not necessarily a test of intelligence, particularly among slow developers who may later turn out to be the most brilliant, all those interviewed were agreed that this system imposes far too great a strain upon children at too early an age. Equally, they were agreed about the importance of not compelling little creatures of five to stay at school all day and, in the case of nervous children, unanimously advocated a far more gradual introduction to school life under the mother's care—a practice that has already been introduced into schools in Scotland. In spite of such testimony, the Ministry of Education still lays down cast-iron rules about school hours which pay scant attention to the needs of the children themselves.

'Matters of Moment' (Thursday, Home) turned out to be a very amusing programme in which a team got together by Percy Cudlipp did their best to put Billy Butlin on the spot about holiday camps. But it was Mr. Butlin who, with unfailing good humour and good sense, got the best of it. While the team appeared (somewhat snobbishly, I thought) to consider holidays in England quite out of the question for such as they and observed that visitors to this country from America and the Continent felt that they were in for a rough time, Mr. Butlin stoutly defended fish and chips, roast beef and Yorkshire, the English climate and the English countryside (which he asserted was the most beautiful in the world), and thought that in time foreigners would catch up with us in the matter of organised holidays.

'Now, you see', he declared in a soothing, fatherly voice, '80 per cent. of those who go to holiday camps are married couples, and married couples want someone to look after them and give them something to do'. People going to his camps, he explained, are happy in the certainty not only of being continuously entertained themselves, but of having their children continuously entertained for them and of being relieved of the anxiety of what their teenagers are up to in the evenings. Father can stroll into the dance hall at any time with his glass of beer and take a look at the chap who's got hold of his daughter. And to crown all, at whatever time they come in they can be sure of a hot meal. What hotel, Mr. Butlin asked triumphantly, faced with the Catering and Wages Act, could compete with that? Why should people be asked to bring their own soap and towels? Because if they didn't it would add £1 to the

bill. Isn't a holiday with children a contradiction in terms? Not, he said, if you have other people to look after them. And judging by the forlorn crowds one sees wandering rather aimlessly round our seaside resorts every August in the rain, one can only applaud Mr. Butlin's foresight in finding them somewhere to go and something to do.

Turning to a kind of entertainment that might not go down quite so well in holiday camps, Marius Goring on Sunday evening gave us a splendid reading from Donne's *Satires*. These harsh, masculine poems were far more to my taste, at least, than the mincing and affected pastoralism of the August Eclogue from Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* on Tuesday. Both readings were in the Third Programme.

PHILIP HENDERSON

MUSIC

Modern Music at the 'Proms'

LAST WEEK'S Promenade Concerts included, besides the conventional slabs of Brahms, Beethoven, and Tchaikovsky, an enterprising choice of contemporary music. Britten's brilliant Purcell Variations, which is one of Sir Malcolm Sargent's favourite pieces, was just the thing for a Bank Holiday audience. The next evening those of us who missed its first performance in April could hear Vaughan Williams' latest symphony, followed by Racine Fricker's 'Dance Scene'. On Thursday the second part of the programme was devoted to Orff's 'Carmina Burana', and on Friday Beethoven's Third Symphony was followed by the revised version of Schönberg's 'Five Orchestral Pieces', not strictly 'contemporary' nor, alas! included in the broadcast.

Vaughan Williams' Ninth Symphony is an entirely characteristic work, not its least characteristic feature being the composer's refusal to come the big bow-wow over us just because the work is numbered nine. Nor is there, I am glad to say, anything valedictory about it. This astonishingly youthful and vigorous mind shows no sign of having said all it has to say. And, if it does not find in this symphony any entirely fresh ideas to express, it still enjoys experimentation with novel sounds in which to clothe its familiar thoughts. At the same time, I cannot help wondering whether the flügelhorn, borrowed from the 'German band' where it did duty for the cornet-à-pistons, was really worth its keep. As heard on the radio, it sounded like an inferior French horn. Nor did the 'scalded cats' episode for three saxophones in the Scherzo redound much to the composer's credit. It was in the first and last movements, where he was more concerned with the music than with the means for making it, that the voice we have grown to respect and to love was heard in its true form.

After the interval Racine Fricker conducted his own work and secured a lively and polished performance. The 'Dance Scene' is a substantial composition, not ballet-music, though inspired by an imaginary ballet. It shows Fricker in a more genial mood than usual, willing to allow a place in his music to sensuous sound, while maintaining the strength and integrity that have made one think of him as the 'Sea-green Incorruptible', the musical Robespierre *de nos jours*.

'Carmina Burana' might have been designed for a German equivalent of the 'Proms'. Indeed, sophisticated though his choice of text is, Orff's whole aim seems to have been to write for, not to say down to the level of, the meanest intelligence in a popular audience. His tunes are simple, catchy, and repetitive so that no one can fail to recognise them. His rhythm is lively, but never monotonous, so that there is no danger of hypnotising the audience into in-

attention. In a sense, he represents a healthy reaction against esoteric theory and structural complication. But to some of us he seems as boring as one of those modern buildings in which every window—and how many of them there are!—is exactly the same size from the ground floor to the umpteenth and all along the façade. Much simpler, of course, and easier to take in at a glance than the baroque elaborations of Bach and Handel, who preceded Orff, though unheard on the hearth, in this programme.

Opera was represented by 'Lucia di Lammermoor' in a recording of an Italian broadcast with Maria Callas as the unhappy Lucy who, like poor Tilburina in 'The Critic', goes mad in white satin. And it seems to me that another

character in Sheridan's burlesque, Mr. Puff, has been at work on behalf of this wailing Syren, for one can hardly open one of the glossier papers without seeing a picture of 'the Great Callas'. The more I hear of her these days, the less I grow to like her monotonously doleful outpouring of penetrating sound. Allowing that she has wonderful flashes of insight into musical characterisation, notably in the recitatives, one may fairly ask that a singer who is hailed as a *prima donna assoluta*, should articulate her *fiorture* accurately and should command a fair variety of expressive colour in her voice. What would be thought of a Fonteyn or an Ulanova whose *fouettés* were sketchy, whose *arabesques* were apt to be unsteady, and who played the

whole of every role in the manner appropriate to Giselle at the end of Act I? As it was, the honours in this performance were easily carried off by Eugenio Fernandi, the excellent Don Carlo of a week before, and Rolando Panerai, who has never given a bad performance in my experience and whose Henry Ashton was most stylish. As an example of really 'great' singing, one might cite the beginning of the sextet as performed by these two and the tenor's wonderful *messa di voce* at the cadence leading to the reprise. Tullio Serafin conducted the opera with the assurance born of long experience, though he did not manage to keep the chorus in good order at the beginning.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Madrigal in Italy

By DENIS ARNOLD

A programme of Italian madrigals will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 9.0 p.m. on Wednesday, August 20

IT seems natural to a German or Italian musician for an Englishman to study the madrigal; for is not England the only place in Europe where a continuous tradition of madrigal singing has been kept from the sixteenth century to the present day? And if the Englishman tries to explain how tenuous the line of tradition has been, this is brushed aside as a mere politeness. In a way, no doubt, our neighbours are right. Only in England can one buy a substantial collection of madrigals, and the publication of the 'English Madrigal School' was, in fact, the final act in a movement which had gone on since the early nineteenth century. This is something to be grateful for; yet it makes certain difficulties in our minds when we wish to have a grasp of the madrigal and its associated forms as they appeared in Italy.

The first problem comes from the difference in scale and time between the two countries. In England, the madrigal was a vogue that lasted for scarcely thirty years. Every year, two or three books appeared—rarely more—and there is a natural unity of purpose and style between them. In Italy the madrigal was in continuous growth for about eighty years, with a vast number of publications spread over that time. In England there was just one major publishing centre; in Italy, Milan, Venice, Rome, Naples and lesser cities such as Ferrara, Florence, Orvieto all added to the array. In England, too, we like to imagine that the madrigal was truly domestic music for the upper classes, and even if our evidence for this is hardly as strong as is generally believed, there is no doubt that the music fits into this picture perfectly. In Italy we can hardly imagine the nobleman singing some of the more vulgar carnival songs in his family circle; nor, indeed, mastering some of the later chromatic madrigals of Gesualdo or Wert.

Many Italian madrigals were certainly composed for domestic music-making. The perfect gentleman was expected to be able to take his part in a madrigal, as all the 'courtesy' books make clear. The Count, in Castiglione's *Book of the Courtier*, says firmly to his companions: 'I would have you know that I am not content with a courtier if he is not also a musician, and besides having a certain knowledge of musical theory and ability to sing at sight, he cannot play various instruments'. There is enough evidence in sixteenth-century paintings and documents to prove this to be true. If there was not a singing teacher in the noble household, the young man could often learn the art at his

'academy' or society, where musicians were kept in employment not only for performing but also for teaching all the necessary skills of instruments and voices.

If this coincides with our picture of the English madrigal, there is ample evidence that family and social music-making was only one purpose among several for the Italian madrigal. It was also very much a concert music at the courts; and, as we might expect in Italy, a concert music for virtuoso singers and players. At Mantua, for example, there were concerts every week where highly talented (and highly paid) singers gave delight by their agility, shown off by improvised ornaments. At Ferrara, the court of the d'Este family, there were three ladies who sang with great distinction, and a whole school of composers wrote madrigals with florid upper parts to suit them. These madrigals are no more domestic music than are the string quartets of Bartók.

Nor were some madrigals chamber music at all. At weddings and other celebrations they were performed by what, by the standards of the day, were large orchestras and choruses. When Artusi went to a wedding at Ferrara he

finally arrived at the room where the concert was to take place and there, when everything was quiet, started such a sweetness and beauty of sound from cornetti, trombones, violins, harps, lutes, flutes and harpsichords together with voices that, for the time, one could believe it was really Mount Parnassus and Paradise itself.

Whole books of madrigals were written for such occasions, and in style they provide the roots of the 'Triumphs of Oriana', some of which would also sound well if done with such resources. At these festivities madrigals were often table music, and we have a sixteenth-century cookery book which tells us precisely what sort of music went with the various courses at certain banquets. Between music and eating there was certainly a full evening's entertainment. In Venice, music in this grand manner was performed on the water, and visiting princes were beguiled by the Doge's musicians escorting them along the canals.

The ideal style for such occasional madrigals was of necessity a broad one, not relying too much on detail or on the audibility of the words. This is also true for much of the stage music used for the choruses of the various pastorals and the intermezzi which accompanied them. Entirely different were the madrigals written for the *litterati* in the several academies. These associations of noblemen were intellectual ex-

plorers, interested in restoring music to its glory known (as they thought) only to the ancient world of Greece, and their composers were among the most talented of their day. Monteverdi and Pallavicino in Mantua, Luzzaschi and Wert in Ferrara, the *Camerata* composers in Florence, all were fortunate enough to have an understanding and intelligent audience, not so much wanting grandiose effects or sheer virtuosity of voice as demanding powerful music to match the words of interesting poetry. They were given this powerful music in madrigals which must have sounded very 'modern' and extreme to those not initiated in academic thought. This music was essentially chamber music in the modern sense, destined for the most efficient ensembles but making part of its effect by intimacy. It was difficult for both listener and performer—it is hard enough to find an ensemble confident in it today—but utterly rewarding when conquered.

I have not so far even mentioned a whole host of musical forms, the canzonetta, villotta, carnival songs, and so on which are all offshoots of the madrigal. These would hardly fit into the elegance of a palace or academy. In the simplicity of the musical style and popular manner of the poetry they must surely belong outside the ranks of the nobility. When Thomas Coryat visited Venice in 1608, he was intrigued to find some 'mountebanks' in a little square.

After they are all upon the stage, the music begins, sometimes vocal, sometimes instrumental, and sometimes both together. This music is a preamble and introduction to the ensuing matter. In the meantime, while the music plays, the principal mountebank opens his trunk and sets abroad his wares. . . .

Some of the dialect songs of Croce and Banchieri would fit such a scene admirably.

There is scarcely an aspect of Italian life not touched in some way by the madrigal, and it would be surprising if there were not such diversity. By comparison, the English madrigal, although a precious possession, remains on the surface of English life. This great variety should give us a warning. In performing Italian madrigals we must look freshly at them, to see if the variety cannot be brought out fully, using soloists, choruses and instruments as best we can. Spilenburg's cookery book tells us that among the evening's entertainment, no two courses were alike; nor were any two madrigals given with exactly the same instrumentation. Some of the food for the banquet seems today exotic and extravagant. Perhaps the madrigals should sound extravagant, too.

How to Use One-coat Paints

By DAVID ROE

I AM afraid that there is always a tendency with new products to expect them to do just that little bit too much. And it is obvious, from the letters I receive from listeners, that the one-coat paints are no exception to the rule. All these questions can be boiled down into three main groups. Have they got good outside durability? Do they dry down with a good finish? Do they really cover in one coat?

Providing both paints are of good quality a single coat of a one-coat paint should have just the same durability as a single coat of one of the ordinary conventional paints. But, whatever the paint, one coat cannot be as durable as two. This means that if you are going to use a one-coat outside, then you must have a good, sound foundation of old paint. Whether you are using a one-coat paint or one of the conventional kinds, the preparation should be just the same. Any loose or flaking paint must be taken off and, where you have had to do this, you will have to touch in with both primer and undercoat. Once this has been done, and providing the original condition of the paintwork is fairly good, you can then give it a single coat of the one-coat paint and get reasonable durability. But if you want maximum durability it is wise to give it a coat of undercoat first.

On the question of whether or not you get a good finish, a one-coat paint ought to be just as good as any other kind. But some listeners

have found that when they have painted a wall, for example, with a one-coat gloss paint, they have finished up with a number of patches where the gloss has disappeared. When this happens, it is nearly always due to the fact that they have not sealed in any bare patches in the plaster. The same thing can happen over woodwork, though it is not usually so pronounced. But, in either case, if the patches are touched in with primer and undercoat you will not run into any trouble.

Finally, we come to the question: do one-coat paints cover in one coat? In most cases, yes. And, naturally, on nice flat surfaces they show up to best advantage. But, in my experience, when people run into difficulties over this point, it is usually on mouldings and other surfaces where you get sharp edges. What happens is that, as the paint is beginning to dry off, it tends to run away from these sharp edges and leaves the old colour showing through. Even so, you do not run into this particular trouble unless you are applying a very light paint over a very dark one. And it is dealt with easily by first putting a little undercoat over the mouldings or any sharp edges.

If you are going to use one of these paints, do not take it for granted that because it is called a one-coat paint it will do everything under the sun. By not hesitating to use an undercoat, and even a primer in those places

where it is necessary, you will make sure of getting the best results in the end.—Home Service

Notes on Contributors

DOROTHY PICKLES (page 219): formerly Lecturer in French at the London School of Economics; author of *France Between the Republics*, etc.

NICHOLAS CARROLL (page 220): Diplomatic Correspondent of *The Sunday Times*

GERALD DRAPER (page 221): Lecturer in Law, King's College, London University

Rev. G. B. BENTLEY (page 227): Canon of Windsor since 1957; author of *Reform of the Ecclesiastical Law, Catholic Design for Living*, etc.

J. B. BOOTHROYD (page 229): a member of the staff of *Punch*

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA (page 231): Spanish permanent delegate to the League of Nations 1931-1936; author of *War in the Blood*, etc.

DENIS JOHNSTON, O.B.E. (page 232): playwright and author; Professor in English Department, Mount Holyoke College, Massachusetts, 1952; Programme Director B.B.C. Television Service 1946-1947; author of *Strange Occurrence on Ireland's Eye*, etc.

The title of EUGENE LAMPERT's book given in the Notes on Contributors last week should have been *Studies in Rebellion*

Crossword No. 1,472.

Numerical Order.

By Leon

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 21. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Capital letters refer to across clues, and small letters to down clues. No lights begin with zero.

CLUES—ACROSS

A. Square which uses every digit once (no zero)

B. Prime number

C. $5m^2$

D. Sum of first r numbers

2

E. Square + 1

F. Square number

G. Triangular number

H. Perfect number

I. $E + E^2 + E^3 + E^4$

J. Square pyramid number

K. $(a + 1)^2 + g$ reversed

L. $P^2 + r$

M. Cube - D

N. Product of two primes

O. $\sqrt{Q} - \sqrt{A}$

P. Prime number

Q. Largest square number which contains every digit once (no zero)

DOWN

a. D + r

b. Nearest prime to (B reversed)²

c. c - c reversed = 2628

d. f^2

e. Palindromic prime number multiplied by $\sqrt{F}$

f. b reversed

g. Square reversed

h. Number of the form RSTUVWXY = (RSTU + VWXY)²

i. A complementary number of h, with similar properties

j. m^2

k. $\sqrt{A} + \sqrt{Q}$

l. Prime number

m. Largest prime factor of h or i, added to $\sqrt{g}$ reversed

n. 30

o. $\frac{g}{N}$ multiplied by a prime number

p. (Rev.) Largest prime factor of A

q. $p + 1$

r. One less than a prime factor of A

s. Multiple of 7

Solution of No. 1,470

O	R	A	C	H	F	E	T	I	C	H	E
D	I	S	C	E	R	P	E	C	H	I	T
O	P	H	I	T	E	I	N	T	A	C	T
N	E	E	G	A	C	C	O	S	T	A	L
A	N	T	R	E	G	A	R	O	T	T	E
T	H	A	I	R	M	L	L	E	E	T	
A	I	R	N	A	H	Y	O	D	L	E	R
P	R	I	G	G	E	R	C	A	R	S	E
O	C	P	O	L	A	C	K	N	U	P	I
S	I	P	P	E	R	E	R	E	N	E	L
I	N	L	Y	D	S	T	A	N	N	E	L
T	E	E	T	E	S	M	O	Y	L	E	

NOTES

(Numbers refer to clues as originally printed)

Across: 11. A-rip-ple(asure); 12. three mngs.; 16. (m)an-tre(e); 24. (f)leet; 26. (b)airn; 28. e-pica-l(egiacs), and literally; 37. (Ma)inly.

Down: 7. Upper Ten; 9. rev. of at-a-nod-o; 10. (k)ettle; 15. P-o-lack; 30. gle-d(ay)-e; 32. Runnymede; 33. s-P(elion)-eel.

Six- and seven-letter words: (Figures in brackets indicate where these words were originally clued):

Across: 5(22); 11(8); 13(27); 14(17); 16(13); 19(25); 20(36); 28(16); 29(19); 34(15); 35(14); 36(20); 38(5); 39(21).

Down: 1(9); 4(23); 6(28); 8(1D); 9(39); 15(35); 17(34); 21(29A); 22(11); 23(4); 25(38); 27(6).

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